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THE GERMAN EMPEROR INSPECTING THE ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY AT PORTSMOUTH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent case of the poor lover who, after supporting his mother and his betrothed on twenty shillings a week, lost, not his temper, but his mind when the young lady declined to be a burthen to him as his wife, has been read far and wide. The Judge, the Sheriff, and the jury did well to weep for and subscribe to this unhappy couple; and the law has gained many an adherent from its leaning to mercy's side. Our ancestors were very fine fellows in many ways, but they were very brutal in the administration of what they called justice. They never gave way to sentiment, and very rarely to humanity. A respectable woman was placed at the bar at York Assizes for conveying files and handsaws to her husband in the Castle, under sentence of death. "The law," observed the Judge, without the least emotion, "has provided a special punishment for the offence in the sixteenth of George III., and you will be transported for seven years": a circumstance which took place accordingly.

Honourable criminals, of course, are rare; but there have been some of them. Ryland the artist, committed for trial for forgery, so won the good opinion of the Governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell that he had the liberty of the whole house and garden, and was even permitted to take excursions in the fields. His friends concerted a plan for his escape, and that in such a manner that it would probably exonerate his jailer; but he preferred to meet his punishment rather than betray the confidence reposed in him. He was found guilty on his trial, and executed.

In 1813 the Portsmouth packet, laden with convicts sentenced to seven years' transportation, went to pieces off the Bolt. The prisoners, by the humanity of the captain, had their irons knocked off, that they might have a chance of life. When they got on shore, though there was nothing to prevent them, none of them attempted to escape.

The convicts of Philadelphia in 1793 showed a very unexpected good feeling. The yellow fever broke out in the town, and they volunteered to nurse the sick, who were dying like flies. None of them attempted to escape, though they had every opportunity to do so, and were entrusted with horses and carts to bring in provisions for the poor, which the dealers dared not do. When the pestilence ceased, all who survived returned to the prison. Moreover, the female convicts cheerfully gave up their beds to the sick, which, it is curious to note, the *debtors* in the jail all refused to do.

During the revolutionary war in America, two soldiers of the army of Lord Cornwallis went into a house and treated the inmates in a most shameful manner. A third soldier met them coming out and recognised them. He was in no way to blame, but, since he declined to give up the names of his comrades, he was sentenced to the punishment they had incurred. Lord Cornwallis rode up to him when on the gallows.

"Campbell," he said, "what a fool you are to die thus! Give up their names!"

"You are in an enemy's country, my Lord," was the firm reply, "and you can better spare one man than two."

And he was hanged.

None of these examples of "honour among thieves" seems to have touched the stony hearts of the Judges of old, with one exception—that of Frank Leeson. This young gentleman had devoted himself to his father and mother, and, by an unprecedented misfortune—their whole property had been realised in bills, which were burnt with their house on the same day they became possessed of them—he was driven by the frenzy of despair to commit a highway robbery. He took fifty guineas from a gentleman in the street, which he represented to his parents was the charity of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who knew the family. A certain merchant was taken up for the offence, and Leeson at once wrote to him to say that, if convicted, the real offender would disclose himself. This statement was believed to emanate from the prisoner himself, and, as the evidence was strong against him, he was found guilty. Just as the Judge was about to pass sentence of death, Leeson appeared in court and confessed all. His story was so touching, and told with such eloquence and pathos, that the whole Court was dissolved in tears. "Heaven only knows," he said, "what I have suffered on account of this innocent man; but it is over now, and I am thankful that I was not tempted by an infamous sacrifice of life to save my own." Leeson was condemned and pardoned the same day: he was given a post by the Lord Lieutenant with £800 a year, and the merchant, dying a few years afterwards without heirs, left him his entire fortune. This strikes one as being rather overpay for not committing an infamy, but, considering how the good deeds of other criminals have been rewarded, Leeson's case may help to restore the average.

It has often excited the wonder of the townsman that in our villages, during the hottest months, the air is excluded, from the few windows that are open at all, by flowering plants. We have an idea that flowers in a bedroom are unwholesome, and perhaps, because we have that idea, the presence of them suggests to us a certain sense of oppression. It is now stated, however, on scientific authority, that the reverse of this is the case; that flowers are highly beneficial. We are so used to hear everything advocated that used to be denounced, and vice versa, that the theory would scarcely recommend itself on the mere ground of novelty, but it certainly seems unnatural that flowers, or the smell of them, should be deleterious to anybody. The specimens of air taken from a greenhouse containing six thousand plants were found to contain a less proportion of carbonic acid than the open air; the greenhouse air also contained less carbonic acid than that of any sleeping-room. "We may safely conclude, therefore," says the experimentalist, "that a few plants in a room will

exhale nothing to injure the sleeper, while the flowers themselves impart an agreeable cheerfulness." This will be good news to many people, but especially to invalids, who have hitherto been denied this harmless pleasure.

An inhabitant of Toronto, who has reached the age of one hundred and seven, is dissatisfied with his prospects of longevity. The anti-everythingarians have got hold of him, and made him gloomy. He owns to having "occasionally taken a little liquor"—a fatal thing, as he is informed, to a person who wishes to be old. Moreover, he once smoked a cigar—once, in the year 1800, and never since—but that is sufficient, of course, to do for him. Moderation in these matters we know—or, at least, we hear—is as bad as excess. He might just as well have enjoyed himself. To feel that he must perish prematurely as a smoker and a drunkard, without having derived any satisfaction to speak of from either vice, weighs upon his mind. Still, some people have been "cut off" even earlier.

The Mayor and Corporation of Rochdale, if not all poets, have at least the faculty of "making the thing that is not as the thing that is." This is not lying, as some vulgar persons have supposed, but a high attribute of the imagination. What these gentlemen had to imagine was a bust of the late John Bright, which Lord Ripon (who also distinguished himself in this effort of fancy) had come down to present to the town. He had come all right, but not the bust, which, in consequence of "some railway error," never came at all. The Corporation and Lord Ripon were used to see things "laid on the table" which are not there, and papers "taken as read" which no human being thinks of perusing, and kept the bust in their mind's eye; but the sculptor, for the same reason that the Spanish Fleet was not visible in the play, "couldn't see it." It was no use for them to tell him that it was extremely like—the nose perfect, the chin admirable—he knew all that, nobody better; but the misfortune was that it was not *there*. It must have been as good as a play to see his Lordship "presenting" that spectral bust to that solid corporation—holding it very tenderly, and taking care not to bring his hands too close together, which would have dispelled the illusion; but it is no wonder the poor sculptor, from emotion, could not sit out the proceedings. Even without the gifts of the rest of the company, one can imagine his views (though not, I hope, his language!) on the unpunctuality of railways.

The clock let into Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit, presumably with the object of timing his discourses, has been stolen by a humorous burglar upon the plea that the reverend gentleman was less concerned with Time than Eternity. "A deacon," I read, "now hands the great preacher his watch, which is deposited upon his hymn-book." If the burglar is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and recognises the merit of its sermons, there is some excuse for his conduct, but in a general way it would be very hard upon a congregation to take an extempore preacher's clock away. "As I turned my text over last night," said Mr. Spurgeon to his flock the other day, "it appeared to resemble a gun that loaded itself and kept on firing as long as you liked." No doubt they liked it, but the misfortune is that, in the case of other divines, the text goes on firing whether the flock likes it or not.

The worm has turned—indeed, two of them—and a couple of novelists, one British and one American, have "gone for" the critics. Their mastery over language, so often exhibited in other fields, is as striking here as elsewhere, if not more so. "All current criticism," says one, "is falsely principled and conditioned in evil," but, if anonymous, it is always "savage and dishonest." The other is satirical. "The critic," he says, can really produce good work "on subjects of little or no importance, such as the pictures in this year's Academy," but he should not meddle with fiction of a high order. It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that both these authors, though old enough to know better, have yielded to the temptation of reading some unfavourable reviews of their own books, and they are naturally incensed that "the mask of the anonymous" prevents them from identifying the writers and tearing them limb from limb. Though I myself have long ceased to give way to the weakness which has produced this excess of passion, I remember, and sympathise with that thirst for blood. There is, however, something surely to be said for the anonymous in criticism. To speak evil of our friend at his back is, of course, a blackguard action, and yet we do sometimes say things about him in his absence—not ill-natured things, but such as we should not say if he were present. We might say, for instance, if he was a poet, that his last book was not quite as good as its predecessor. Well, criticism of living persons stands on similar ground: it is difficult to express oneself personally without offence, whereas, impersonally, none is given. The no-name system is therefore so far a convenience to both parties. If it is used for a channel for brutality or personal spite, the critic is infamous indeed, but I do not wonder that our two novelists have raised a hornets' nest in suggesting that this is a common case. One critic has "gone for" *them*, and shown himself also to be a master of language. Another has confined himself to satire. The most amusing sentence he has written is, however, where the drollery is undesigned. "You say," he writes, "that you authors have never profited by our observations. Perhaps not. But there are other people to be considered in this matter. An author may be incorrigible, but the public taste may be corrected." An instantaneous photograph of a reviewer in the act (and with the motive) of correcting public taste would be invaluable, and should be secured at any price by the National Portrait Gallery.

A Catholic missionary has given us some curious particulars of the inhabitants of the Upper Oubanghi, an affluent of the Congo. It is said that the boating folk on the upper Thames will "eat anything"; but these good people are much more

particular: they confine themselves to cannibalism. The attempts of the missionary to dissuade them from this practice revived one of Robinson Crusoe's arguments addressed to his man Friday; but they were not equally successful. The natives were perfectly polite, but stood upon the firm ground of experience. When he said, "Human flesh is detestable," they replied, "Pardon, dear father; but what do you know about it? With salt and spices, it is, on the contrary, delicious." They had a prolonged controversy upon this matter. When the good father pointed out the difference between man and other animals, they admitted it at once, but drew a different deduction: "Man is the nobler, and, therefore, the nicer." The debate is interesting, as presenting—perhaps for the first time—"the views of the other side," which, on subjects of crime of all kinds, is so difficult to obtain. No one has yet given us the opinions of the criminal classes: we have only those which we ourselves attribute to them, and which are probably quite incorrect.

THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In his ninetieth year, after having peacefully terminated his protracted labours of theological controversy, the most eminent of that once famous school of ecclesiastical students and teachers who went over "from Oxford to Rome," surviving many of his followers and having exhausted his personal influence, has departed from this world. Not a twelvemonth ago, on Oct. 19 last year, giving his Portrait, which is now reproduced, as that of one of the "Men of the Day"—though he was, even then, rather a man of yesterday—we endeavoured to recognise, from a point of view common to all thoughtful persons of the educated class, the merits of Dr. Newman as an earnest and powerful teacher of the religious doctrine he believed, and as one of the most accomplished English writers. Beyond this range of considerations, and that of his unquestionable piety and moral goodness, it cannot be expected that any who reject the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to supreme authority should estimate the value of his special work as his co-religionists may do; while those whose acquaintance with theology and Church history leads them to directly opposite conclusions will think less highly of his learning and of his philosophical acuteness. He was certainly a remarkable man, and one of much importance in a certain department of intellectual and social activity, in times within our recollection.

John Henry Newman was born in London, Feb. 21, 1801, son of a City banker; his younger brother is Francis William Newman, formerly Professor of Latin at University College, author of various historical and religious treatises. He was educated at the private school of Dr. Nicholas, at Ealing, and at Trinity College, Oxford, but did not take honours; he passed for his degree in 1820, and three years afterwards was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. Four years later he took holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Oxford. The incumbency of St. Mary's Church and chaplaincy of Littlemore were conferred upon Newman in 1828. He contributed poetry to the *British Magazine* (subsequently republished in his "Lyra Apostolica"), and then began the High Church movement identified with the names of Newman, Hugh Rose, Hurrell Froude, Keble, Pusey, and others, resulting in the famous Tractarian agitation that brought about so grave a schism in the Church of England. The "Tracts" were commenced by Newman, who adopted the idea of a "Via Media," or middle path, between the Protestant and Roman Churches—of an Anglican Church "based on the principles of dogma, a visible Church with sacraments and rites, which are the channels of invisible grace, and holding to Authority and the worth of works of penance." The movement went on until "Tract XC," of which Newman was the author, and which sought to prove that a clergyman could subscribe to the Articles and formularies of the Established Church and yet uphold almost all the Roman doctrines against which those Articles had up to that time been believed to be a protest. The tract, which evoked a storm of indignation, was formally condemned by the Hebdomadal Council. But Newman's public retraction of his attacks upon the Church of Rome appeared in 1843, and was speedily followed by his resignation of his living. During three ensuing years he presided over an ascetic community which he had established at Littlemore on a medieval model. On Oct. 10, 1845, the Passionist Father Dominic, summoned by him in hot haste to Littlemore, accepted his abjuration of Protestantism, and "reconciled him with the Mother Church." Shortly afterwards he appeared at mass in the Roman Catholic chapel at Oxford. Dr. Wiseman sent Newman to Rome, and presently directed him to establish in Birmingham an Oratory dedicated to San Filippo Neri. During the cholera epidemic in 1849 he devoted himself to the care and consolation of the sufferers. A year later he founded the Brompton Oratory, and in 1852 transferred his residence to the Edgbaston Oratory, at which he organised a school for the education of sons of the Catholic gentry. He wrote many books, of which the most significant are his "Grammar of Assent" and "Apologia pro Vita Mea." In 1877, his first college, Trinity, elected him to an Honorary Fellowship, an honour which had never, since the Reformation, been bestowed upon a Roman Catholic priest. Shortly after Cardinal Pecci's accession to the Papal throne, he, Leo XIII., intimated his intention to confer the red hat upon Dr. Newman, who received it at the Vatican, and his solemn investiture in the sacred purple took place at a Secret Consistory. Returning to England, he once more took up his abode at the Birmingham Oratory, where he has lived in tranquil retirement through the past nine years.

Major F. Waldron has been appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff in Canada.

The Earl of Yarborough has been appointed Captain of her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, in the room of the Earl of Rosslyn, resigned.

Grouse-shooting on the Scottish moors commenced, on Aug. 12, under somewhat depressing circumstances, the adverse weather materially interfering with sport. In Derbyshire and North Wales, on the other hand, some good bags were made.

The Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds—the only pack of its kind in England—which hunt the wild red deer over classic Exmoor, opened the season on Aug. 12. Mr. Charles Henry Basset, who some time ago took over the pack from Viscount Ebrington, M.P., has much improved the hounds.

The Challenge Cup given by the late Lord Napier of Magdala to his Volunteer corps, the 3rd City of London Rifles, was shot for at Rainham on Aug. 12 by teams of three men from each company in the corps, at 200, 500, and 600 yards, and was won by the representatives of G company—Colour-Sergeant Hart, Sergeant Spilling, and Private Briggs—with 244 points, an average of 81.3 points for each. The K company stood next, and M company won the volley prize.



BORN, FEB. 21, 1801.

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DIED, AUG. 11, 1890.

THE LATE CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARBAUD, 303, OXFORD STREET.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PORTSMOUTH: MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

His Majesty William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, during his stay with our Queen at Osborne House, Cowes, twice visited Portsmouth—on Wednesday, August 6, and on the following day; inspecting the military garrison on the first day, and witnessing some novel experimental manœuvres at Eastney; but, on the second day, inspecting the naval dockyard, the arsenal, and the new gunnery establishment on Whale Island.

The operations shown to the Emperor at Eastney, though on a limited scale, had at least the virtue of novelty, whatever military experts may think of their practical utility. With the growing range, precision, and rapidity of the infantry arm, the increasing development of artillery fire, the introduction of machine guns, and, it may be, the demoralising influence resulting from the adoption of smokeless powder, a change in the tactics of attack has been rendered imperative. Various expedients have been suggested in order to minimise the consequences of the murderous fire to which the first or advanced line would be subjected from the defensive position. Colonel Crease, C.B., Commandant of the Royal Marine Artillery, has devised a system which will, as he thinks, while rendering any fundamental change in current tactics superfluous, effectually protect the second line and the reserves in advancing to attack. The invention is the result of experience derived from the recent Woolmer operations, during which he was in command of the enemy's forces, and it received the approval of General Sir Evelyn Wood on being subsequently tested at Aldershot. It is called the new smoke attack, and is based upon the presumption that, by the ignition of smoke-cases carried by the troops forming the fighting line, such a dense and impenetrable curtain of vapour would be produced as would not only shelter them while firing, but would at the same time form a screen behind which the second line and the reserves would be enabled to come up without their being exposed to the full effect of infantry fire at deadly range.

His Imperial Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, all in military uniforms, with Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, came from Cowes in the Royal yacht *Alberta*, to land at Eastney. He was saluted by all the British ships and the Austrian squadron at Spithead, and by the Austrian ship *Kronprinz Rudolf*, on board which was the Grand Duke Karl Stephen of Austria, at the landing-place. The Emperor was there received by Lord Wolseley (sent specially by the Queen), General Sir Leicester Smyth, Colonel Crease, the chiefs of the Southern District Staff, and the Captains of the Austrian squadron. After various presentations, the Emperor and party crossed the dry moat to the parade ground of the Royal Marine Barracks, with a guard from the Yorkshire Regiment, while the band played the National Anthem, followed by "The Watch on the Rhine." At the steps leading to the officers' mess was a guard of honour consisting of one hundred men of the Royal Marine Artillery, under command of Captain Pease. Here a luncheon was prepared by Colonel Crease and the officers of the division; the chair was occupied by the Duke of Edinburgh as head of the Royal Marines. After luncheon the business of the day began. The scene of the mimic conflict was the tongue of land partly flanked by Langston Harbour and the sea, and stretching from Fort Cumberland to the barracks. The fort, for the purposes of the operations, which were of an experimental character, was supposed not to exist, but to constitute a mound, on the crest of which were disposed a battalion of Royal Marine Artillery and the Inniskilling Fusiliers. These troops, with the 46th Mounted Battery, composed the attacking party, under the command of Colonel Ogle, R.M.A., while the defenders, under the command of Major Burrows, consisted of a couple of companies of Royal Marine Light Infantry, two guns of position, and a four-barrelled Nordenfolt, the motions of which (in the absence of blank cartridge) were only simulated. The main body of the defenders were sheltered in the rear by an improvised line of intrenchments, consisting of gun-carriages, barrels, and hurdles. They had established a strong outpost in the battery gardens at about the middle of the disputed ground. This formed the enemy's objective. After some brisk firing from the field battery the position was assailed by the Marine Artillery in half-sections, then by sections, and finally by companies carrying smoke-cases, the Inniskilling Fusiliers forming the second line. The cases consist of paper tubes, 18 in. in length and 2 in. in diameter, having perforated tin tops and filled with a smoke-producing composition. As soon as the advance had approached within about 100 yards of the position the cases were ignited by the firing line and thrown ahead of them, and out of the obscurity thus produced they rushed upon and captured the position, driving the outpost back upon its supports. The farther advance was made in alternate rushes, but, as there was no cover, and as the men unnecessarily exposed themselves, they must have been annihilated by the fire of the defenders posted behind the intrenchment. Just before the final assault was made, more cases were set aflame, and, while the atmosphere was clouded with smoke, the field-battery galloped up to within canister range. The Fusiliers rushed through the first line, and a combined attack was delivered by both lines, which terminated the proceedings.

His Imperial Majesty made an inspection of the barracks, which are unquestionably the best in the country. In the front are a parade-ground, tennis-courts, and flower-gardens; while at the back are a covered parade-ground, a theatre, schools, and canteen. After visiting the various blocks the Emperor witnessed a march-past of the troops in open column of companies, and subsequently an advance in review order and a general salute, General Smyth leading off with cheers for the Emperor. The visitors then embarked in the *Alberta* for Cowes.

On the Emperor's visit, next day, to Portsmouth Dockyard, he was accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark. His Majesty was attended by Admiral Hornby and General Du Plat; he was met, on landing, by Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty; Admiral Hopkins, Controller of the Navy; Mr. W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction; Mr. Elgar, Director of Dockyards; Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, Commander-in-Chief; Rear-Admiral Gordon, Superintendent of the Dockyard; General Sir Leicester Smyth, and the principal officers of the establishment. They showed the Emperor a few ships in course of construction, and

those being completed for sea, under repairs, and the plant, training establishments, and resources of the yard ashore and afloat. He was conducted through the boiler-shop to the steam-factory, and visited in turn the pumping-station, the gun-mounting store, and the new torpedo dépôt ship *Vulcan*, going below to examine the workshop, which is furnished with all appliances for repairing torpedoes, torpedo craft, and their machinery. After paying a short visit to the Nile, where he saw the hydraulic machinery for working the 67-ton turret guns and the principles by which the breech mechanism is set in motion, the Emperor proceeded to the dock in which the colossal first-class battle-ship *Royal Sovereign* is being built, the largest and most powerful ship hitherto undertaken at Portsmouth.

After a luncheon at Admiralty House, the residence of Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, the visitors were taken to Whale Island, on which is the new gunnery establishment. His Majesty was conducted over this establishment by Captain Pearson, of the gunnery-ship *Excellent*, and next to the range, where he witnessed some practice with the Martini rifle at a running man at 100 yards. The revolver range was next visited. The Emperor and several members of his party spent some time in practising with the Enfield revolver at twenty-five yards, during which his Imperial Majesty made a bull's-eye, counting six points, and an inner, counting five points. The last place visited was the battery in which various guns, muzzleloaders and breechloaders, are mounted for instruction. This concluded the business of the day, and the Emperor left Portsmouth. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist.

At West Cowes, in the evening, there was a display of fireworks; the ships in the Roads were illuminated with coloured lights. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales witnessed the fireworks from the deck of the *Osborne*. The Emperor's party watched the proceedings from the lawn of the Club-house at West Cowes.

PLAN OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Admiralty Chart prepared to illustrate the plan of the manœuvres assigned to the two opposed squadrons—the A squadron, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, supposed to be defending the British coasts and maritime traffic,

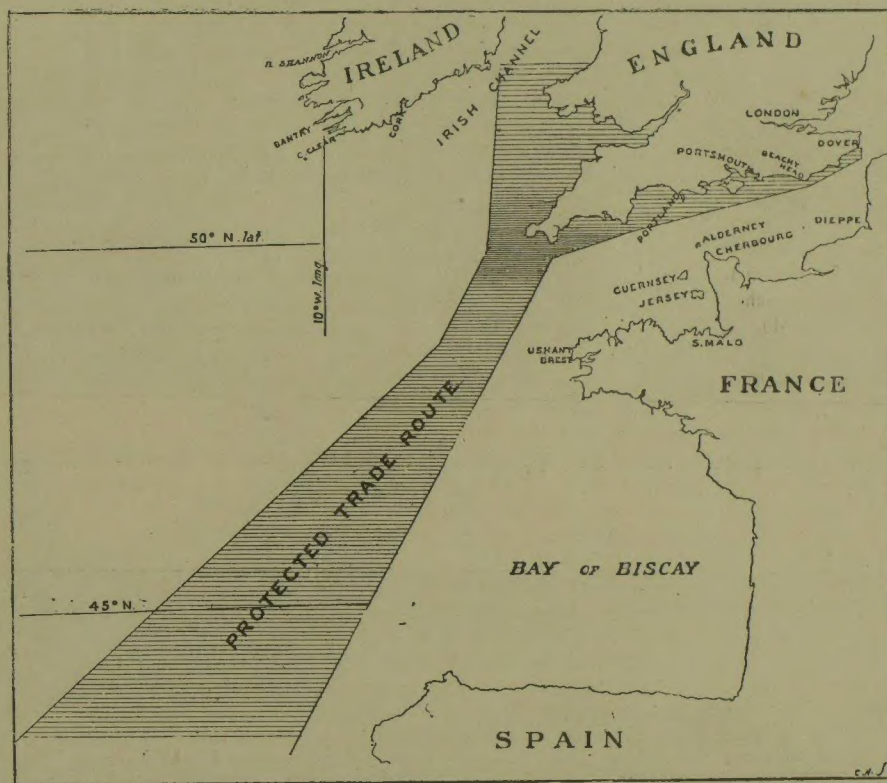


CHART OF THE "TRADE ROUTES," IN THE AREA OF THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

and the B squadron, under Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, representing a hostile naval force—comprises an area of important "trade routes," crossing the Bay of Biscay and approaching the western and southern shores of England and South Wales, both along the British coast, to Dover, and up the Bristol Channel, and up St. George's Channel to Cardigan Bay, opposite Carnsore Point, Wexford. Sir M. Culme Seymour endeavours to occupy positions within this area, where he might prey on British shipping, but he is to avoid any general engagement; while Sir George Tryon has to keep him off or drive him out, bringing him to action, if possible, as the defending squadron is of superior force. The manœuvres are intended also, incidentally, to prove what are the most advantageous methods of employing a considerable body of scouting cruisers on both sides; to ascertain how a reserve fleet, chiefly composed of coast defence vessels, while operating from a strategic point in the English Channel, should contribute to the support of the main fleet; and to ascertain the tactics of torpedo-boats operating from a distant base. It is understood that the B squadron, representing an enemy's fleet, may resort to Berehaven and the Shannon, which will be assumed to be isolated from the rest of Ireland, and to which no intelligence will be supplied from the other parts of the United Kingdom. The "British" fleet, the A squadron, may resort to any port of the United Kingdom not lying between Carnsore Point and Cape Clear, or between the latter and Achill Head. Berehaven and the Shannon are to be considered secure against naval attack. Full value is to be given to the existing defences at all ports to which the "British" forces may resort.

A division of the B squadron has assembled at Alderney, on the south side of the British Channel, which becomes a base of hostile operations. Portland, on the other side, is to be regarded as secure against attack. No attack is to be made on any fortified ports, or on any unfortified coast towns.

The Arundel Society has presented to the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield a selection of chromo-lithographs, including a volume of Ruskin's "Giotto and his Works at Padua."

An action brought by Ronald Stuart, late valet to Mr. H. M. Stanley, claiming £1000 damages from Mr. Bell, Mayor of Newcastle, for slander, concluded at Leeds Assizes on Aug. 11, with a verdict for the plaintiff for £250. The action arose from the Mayor of Newcastle having told Mr. Stanley that Stuart was suspected of having stolen a gold watch from the Waterloo Hotel, Edinburgh, in consequence of which Mr. Stanley dismissed him.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The civil marriage of Mlle. Canrobert, daughter of the famous Marshal, with M. Paul Fabre de Navacelle, a naval Lieutenant, took place on Aug. 11, in the Mayor's office of the Eighth Arrondissement, Rue d'Anjou Saint-Honoré, Paris. The religious marriage was celebrated next day, in the church of St. Pierre de Chaillot. Among the wedding-gifts sent to the bride were a superb tea-service of solid silver from the Empress Eugénie, a pair of gold ewers from Baroness De Rothschild, a set of chimney ornaments from Baron De Latapie, and a gold bracelet set with brilliants from the Duchess De Pomar. Congratulatory telegrams were received from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge.—M. Grévy, ex-President of the Republic, was seized with a fainting fit while walking in the grounds of his house at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, and fell, severely injuring his head.—The Fine Arts Palace at the Champs de Mars has been leased for an indefinite term of years by the Paris Municipality to the Union Centrale des Arts Decoratifs for the installation of the Decorative Arts Exhibition.—Poultry-breeders may read with interest the following statistics, which have been collected for the French Department of Agriculture. The income derived by French people who rear fowls, according to octroi and market returns, is 337,100,000 f., of which 153,500,000 f. represent the value of the flesh and 183,600,000 f. that of the eggs. The quantity sold in poultry-yards is immense, as is also the number used in the homes of those who rear fowls.

Some noisy demonstrations were made at Rome on Aug. 10, when Count Antonelli, the Ministerial candidate, was returned by a majority of 900 votes over Signor Barzilai, his Radical opponent.

It is estimated that forty thousand persons took part at Brussels, on Aug. 10, in a Socialist demonstration in favour of universal suffrage. In the middle of the day a storm, with torrents of rain, burst over the city and dispersed the people; but a procession was afterwards formed, and a meeting was held, which was put an end to by further rainfall.

The new museum and picture-gallery in Antwerp was opened to the public on Aug. 11 by the Burgomaster, who was accompanied by the municipal authorities and a large number of invited guests. The gallery is near the Avenue du Sud, and more conveniently situated than the old museum, which has been closed for months past.

The German Emperor, accompanied by his suite, arrived at Berlin early on the morning of Aug. 11, from his visit to Osborne. He was met at the station by the Empress. His Majesty proceeded to the Royal Castle, where he received the Chancellor, General Von Caprivi, Dr. Miquel, Minister of Finance, and Privy Councillor Dr. Von Lucanus. In the afternoon the Emperor was present at the inauguration of the new mess-room of the officers of the Fusiliers of the Guard.—On the 12th the Emperor held the usual autumn parade of the Corps of Guards on the Tempelhof Common.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters are staying with the Greek Royal family in their charming villa at Dekeleia.—At the closing fête of the International Medical Congress at Berlin, on Aug. 9, the doctors of Berlin entertained their foreign visitors, and over 6000 guests were present. The Empress officially received a number of the delegates on the 10th.—A thunderstorm broke over Crefeld, in Rhenish Prussia, on the night of the 11th, during which a house inhabited by about fifty people fell in owing to the bursting of a drain. Twenty-six persons lost their lives.—Miss Macintyre, from Covent-Garden Theatre, made her début on Aug. 12 before the Berlin public in Verdi's "Trovatore." Despite the somewhat threadbare character of the piece, a large audience was present. The singer was enthusiastically received.

President Harrison, having been escorted by the fleet into Boston Harbour, landed on Aug. 11. Vice-President Morton and four Cabinet Ministers have arrived at Boston. The President reviewed the grand army procession on the 12th. Thirty-five thousand survivors of the army and the navy marched in it. In the evening there was a banquet.—The great strike on the New York Central Railroad is practically at an end, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen refusing to assist the Knights of Labour in the struggle.

The Russian Imperial family have left St. Petersburg for Krasnoe Selo, where they reside during the military manœuvres carried on between that place and Narva.

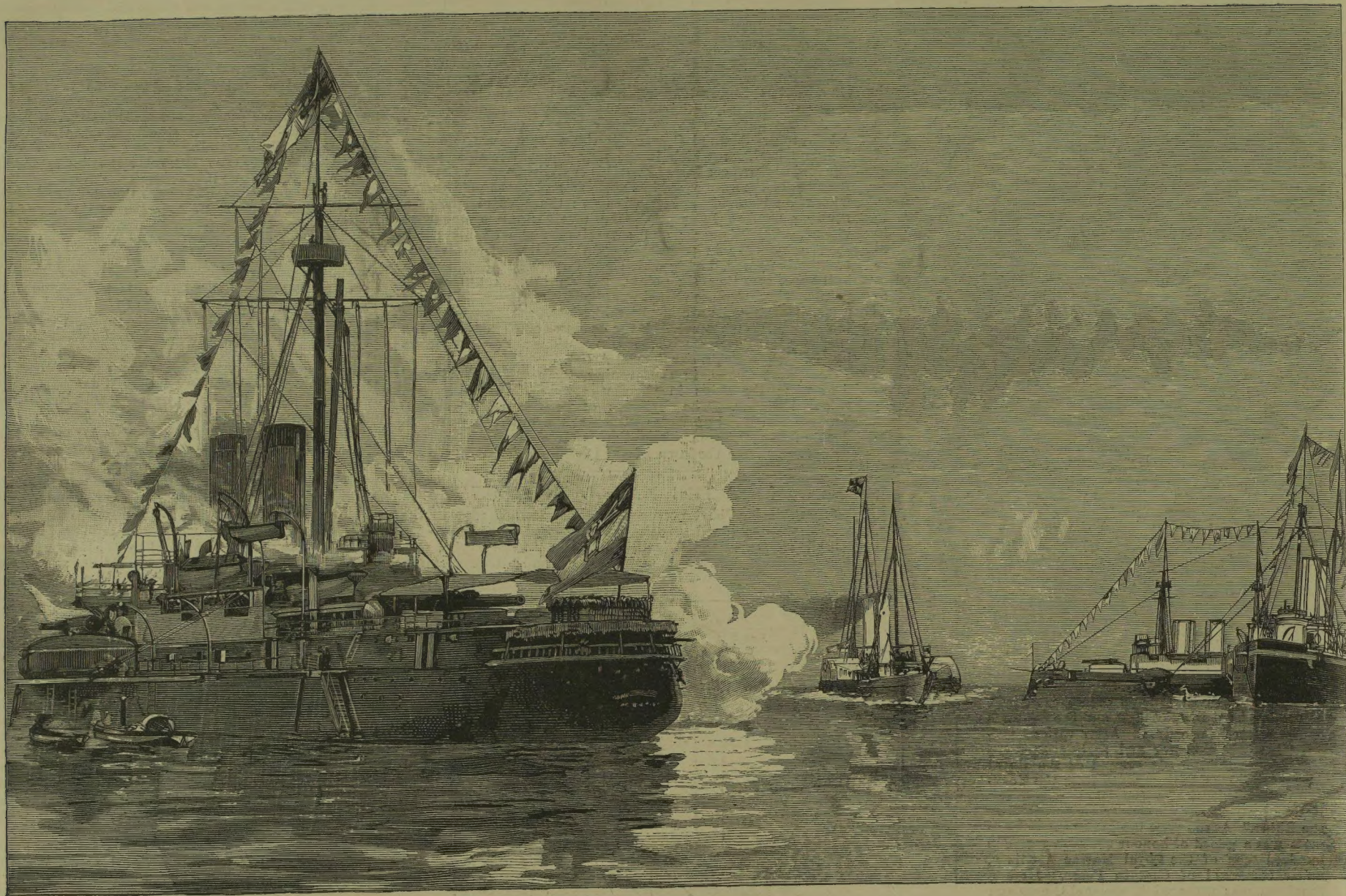
THE COURT.

The visit of the German Emperor to Osborne came to a close on Aug. 8. At 8 p.m. his Majesty took leave of the Queen, and dined with the Prince of Wales on board the *Osborne*. At ten o'clock he went on board the *Hohenzollern*, whose search-light was cast over Osborne House as a sign of farewell. On the 9th the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Bishop of Ripon and Sir William Jenner, Bart., had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal Household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 10th, the Bishop of Ripon officiating. The Queen, and those members of the Royal family who are staying at Osborne, steamed from Cowes in the *Alberta* on the morning of the 11th, and inspected four Austrian ironclads lying in the Roads. After her return, the Prince and Princess of Wales accompanied the Archduke Stephen to Osborne House to luncheon. The officers of the Austrian fleet were also entertained at lunch in a marquee on the lawn.

Portsmouth was gaily decorated on Aug. 9, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by other members of the Royal family, paid it a visit and opened the new Townhall, of which an illustration was given in last week's issue. Loyal addresses were presented, and the Prince, in his reply, expressed the hope that the deliberations which would take place within those walls would tend to the prosperity of the town. The Prince, who has been staying with the Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, at Cowes, since the Goodwood Race Meeting, left the Isle of Wight on the 13th.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Prince Alfred and their three daughters, are in Germany.

The Duke of Fife, speaking at a banquet in the North of Scotland, said the fine air of Braemar had already been of great benefit to the health of the Duchess.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PORTSMOUTH: THE AUSTRIAN SHIP KRONPRINZ RUDOLF SALUTING THE EMPEROR ON BOARD THE ALBERTA.



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: TORPEDO ATTACK ON ADMIRAL TRYON'S SQUADRON IN PLYMOUTH SOUND.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT PORTSMOUTH: ATTACK UNDER COVER OF COLONEL CREASE'S SMOKE CASES AT EASTNEY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

That favourite hero of romantic drama, Mr. Charles Warner, has returned to England from Australia, to enter with characteristic vigour into the rehearsal of the new part created for him in the forthcoming new autumn play at Drury-Lane Theatre. Spectacular drama, cultivated by Mr. Augustus Harris to a fine art at Drury-Lane, is, it is promised, to reach its culminating point of splendour in "A Million of Money," the joint work of Mr. Harris and Mr. Henry Pettitt. It is to be essentially a melodrama of modern life, brought "up to date," as the phrase runs, and dealing with sport and the Turf, with racing notabilities, and with the military. Epsom Downs on the Derby Day will, it is whispered, be among the scenic effects introduced; and Mr. Warner, as the principal personage, is to show how easily "A Million of Money" may be squandered in pursuit of the glorious "national pastime." As Miss Jessie Millward is also engaged, it is safe to say that the love interest in this fresh Drury-Lane drama will be duly cared for.

At the Lyceum, diverting as many passages in "The Great Unknown" proved to be, this quaint adaptation from the German failed to draw. Mr. Augustin Daly, accordingly, like the astute manager he is, promptly withdrew it after five performances, and revived the more amusing play of "Casting a Boomerang," in which Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. John Drew, Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, began the Lyceum season so well. The advantages of playing at Mr. Irving's supremely popular theatre are so manifest that Mr. Daly has acted wisely in arranging to bring his talented comedy company over again next year, when the performances, however, will take place in the winter months, instead of in the summer; Mr. Irving touring the while in the provinces.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose American engagement was remarkably successful, enters upon a provincial tour until the New Olympic is built for him in Wych-street. This newest of London playhouses, which is to be one of the finest in the kingdom, is to be opened by Mr. Barrett in the autumn, probably in October—with "Hamlet," it is stated. A new play—say the one Mr. Hall Caine is engaged upon, or another drama of strong interest—would, perhaps, be preferable to start with, especially as Mr. Barrett's greatest triumphs have been achieved with original romantic pieces which he has had the courage and enterprise to produce, thereby encouraging modern dramatists possibly more than any other actor-managers have. But, if Mr. Barrett adheres to his intention of reproducing "Hamlet," we shall all be glad to renew acquaintance with his youthful and spirited Prince of Denmark, particularly as one of the cleverest and most charming of our younger school of actresses, Miss Winifred Emery, whom he has judiciously engaged for the New Olympic, is to be the Ophelia.

The laughter which made the rafters of the Criterion ring again in the old "Pink Dominoes" days was heard again on the 6th of August, when a posthumous comedy by the late Mr. James Albery, "Welcome, Little Stranger," adapted from the French with considerable skill, was produced with every sign of success. Admitting that some of the episodes were risky, "Welcome, Little Stranger" was acted so adroitly and smartly by the well-practised company of comedians Mr. Charles Wyndham has left to excite mirth during his absence, that what might be regarded as thin ice is lightly skated over, and the result is a couple of hours of irresistible humour and constant amusement. It is impossible not to laugh immoderately at the ceaseless drollery of "Welcome, Little Stranger." That quaintly comic comedian Mr. William Blakeley, a mere glance at whose singularly expressive face evokes a smile, is the prime source of laughter. What a capital Pickwick he would make! Mr. Blakeley on this occasion impersonates with infinite jocosity a middle-aged gentleman rejoicing in the name of Cranberry Buck, and in the possession of an expansive better half, embodied with admirable tact by Miss M. A. Victor. It is the day of their silver wedding; but Mr. and Mrs. Buck, as kind-hearted and loving a pair as could be met with, are absorbed in the happiness of their young daughter, who has just returned with her admiring husband from the honeymoon tour. Cranberry Buck rejoices in the prospect of a little grandson coming by-and-by to gladden their lives, and exuberantly approves the design for a castle he has commissioned an architect to make, as the future residence of the said grandson. But, while he is unctuously peering into futurity, a friend of the family presents them, as a silver wedding gift, with a mystic casket, which Mrs. Buck chances to open. There is a fairy spell about this casket. Ere another twelvemonth has sped, the Bucks are presented with a son and heir, who makes his appearance in the world even before the little grandson Cranberry had once hopefully looked for. How the arrival of this baby plunges Cranberry Buck into ecstasies of bliss, and effectually puts the grandson's "nose out of joint," in so far as the joyous Cranberry is concerned, must be seen to be relished. As intimated, Mr. Blakeley and Miss Victor, as Mr. and Mrs. Buck, carry off the honours of the acting in "Welcome, Little Stranger"; but much fun is also developed in Mr. George Giddens's eccentric love-chase (in the character of James Paragon) of a handsome widow, enacted with aplomb by Miss Vane Featherstone. The young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Roe, find in Mr. Edmund Maurice and Miss Helen Forsyth bright and capable representatives, who impart the requisite lightness of touch to their acting. "Welcome, Little Stranger" is preceded by a neat little two-act play, "Jilted," in which Miss E. Terriss (the clever daughter of Mr. William Terriss) and Miss F. Francis act charmingly; Mr. Giddens also infusing that amount of individuality into his part that makes the leading character of interest.

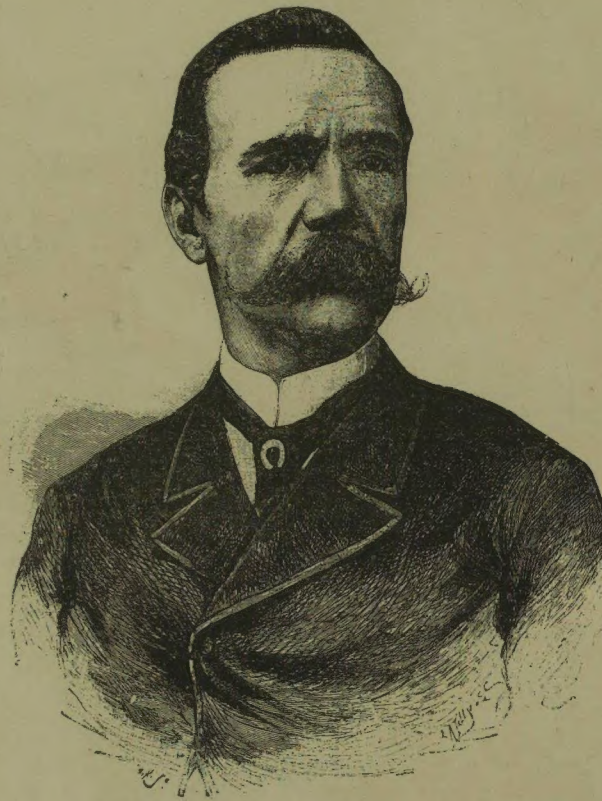
Given a suitable comedy, the accomplished American comedian Mr. Nat C. Goodwin should do well at the Gaiety until "the sacred lamp of burlesque" has been relit at this favourite theatre. This desideratum was not forthcoming in "A Gold Mine," with which Mr. Goodwin began his Gaiety season; nor was it in Mr. J. W. Pigott's comedy of "The Bookmaker," the American success of which is very unlikely to be repeated here. This "Bookmaker" is an almost impossible character. Steeped to the lips in the language and ways of the Turf, the betting-ring the only ring he thinks of, Joseph Trent is yet made by the author to be a philanthropist of quixotic benevolence, and one utterly ignorant of the manners of society. He is in behaviour more of a stable-boy or racecourse tout than a "Bookmaker." Your average modern "Bookmaker" is smart, dapper, and, being daily hand in glove with noblemen of high degree, is exceedingly unlikely to demean himself as loutishly and awkwardly in an Earl's country-house as Joseph Trent does. However, making allowances for the author's and Mr. Nat Goodwin's seeming ignorance of this phase of English character, the American comedian makes a quaint figure enough of the good-hearted, bluff-mannered "Bookmaker," who, finding that he of all men in the world has inherited a baronetcy and £100,000, generously offers half that sum to retrieve the family fortunes of Lord Harborough, and thus enable his Lordship's *chic* and horsey daughter, Lady Jessie, to marry the man of her choice instead of a dissolute heir to a dukedom. Sir Joseph Trent, as he

now becomes, is instrumental in doing another great service to Lord Harborough, whose son and heir had embittered his life by marrying a worthless adventuress. It is the most dramatic episode of the piece where this woman enters Harborough Castle to claim her position, but is recognised by the "Bookmaker" as the wife who had deserted him. Mr. Nat Goodwin, who threw considerable individuality into his impersonation of the "Bookmaker," though not exactly character of the right kind, won the sympathies and applause of the audience; and Mr. William Farren gave strength to the part of Lord Harborough. Mr. H. Reeves Smith, Mr. Charles Glenney, Miss Christine Mayne, and Miss Jennie McNulty also gained approval for their earnest acting as Lord Maidment, Jack Carew, Lady Jessie, and the pretty designing Polly. Mr. Frank Wood's grotesque representation of Babbles, the butler, excited mirth; and the experience of Miss Carlotta Leclercq was likewise of value to "The Bookmaker."

THE NEW ARGENTINE PRESIDENT.

The insurrection that broke out on July 26 at Buenos Ayres, on the Rio de la Plata, the capital of the Argentine Republic, has ended, after a sanguinary conflict, in the overthrow of the President, Dr. Juarez Celman, who had abused his almost dictatorial powers by attempting measures ruinous to the finances and commerce of the Republic. He was compelled to resign, under a threat of impeachment, by the opposition of his own colleagues in the Council of State—General Roca, his brother-in-law, a former President, and Dr. Pellegrini, the Vice-President, who has succeeded to the Presidency, and has formed a Ministry, with General Roca, Messrs. Eduardo Costa, Vicente Lopez, José Gutierrez, and General Levalle holding the chief Departments.

Dr. Carlos Pellegrini is forty-three years of age, son of an Italian or Savoyard architect who emigrated to Buenos Ayres in 1825, and who married an Englishwoman. He was educated



DR. PELLEGRINI,
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

at the University, but joined the army of Buenos Ayres, allied with Brazil and Monte Video, in the war against Paraguay; after this military service he adopted the profession of an advocate, and practised at the Bar with much success. Having been elected Deputy for the Province of Buenos Ayres, he made a figure in the Assembly, as a leading politician, and became Minister of the Interior shortly after the crisis in 1880, when Carlos Tejedor, Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres, headed a revolution against the National Government under President Nicholas Avellaneda, and was defeated in the battles of Corrales and Puente Alsina. As the result of that revolution Buenos Ayres became definitely the capital of the Argentine Republic, and General Roca was President from 1880 to 1886, in succession to Avellaneda. He was greatly assisted by Dr. Pellegrini in the needful measures of administrative reform, which were accompanied by large enterprises, the making of roads, railways, and canals, harbour and city improvements, commercial tariffs, and the negotiating of a foreign loan, managed by Dr. Pellegrini with remarkable success. He also established two political journals—the *Opinione* and the *Sud America*—of which he was the editor. Dr. Pellegrini was in Paris during the Great Exhibition of last year, as representative of the Argentine Republic, which had a special pavilion in the Champ de Mars.

After an exciting struggle, England won the match against the Australians at the Oval, on the 12th, by two wickets.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster on Aug. 11 entertained the boys of the training-ship *Clio*, to the number of 150, to a day's outing at Eaton Hall. Three substantial meals were served to the lads, and sports and other amusements provided. The Duke and Duchess and other members of the Grosvenor family were present during the greater portion of the proceedings.

The regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club began on Aug. 12, and several good races were contested. The Iverna won first prize and the Thistle second in the match for yachts exceeding forty rating. For yachts from ten to forty rating the Deerhound took first and the Clarissa second prize. In the handicap for yachts above ten rating, the Vanduara took first, the Lethe second, and the Foxglove third prize.

In consequence of the small support accorded to the scheme of taxation recently proposed by Mr. Donaldson, the Queensland Colonial Treasurer, to meet the deficit of £148,000 on the Budget, the Cabinet of Mr. Morehead has resigned; and a new Ministry has been formed, composed as follows: Sir S. W. Griffith, Premier; Sir T. M'Ilwraith, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. W. O. Hodgkinson, Secretary for Mines and Public Works; Mr. A. S. Cowley, Secretary for Public Lands; Mr. Theodore Unmack, Secretary for Railways; Hon. Mr. B. B. Moreton, Postmaster-General.

SKETCHES OF BUENOS AYRES.

The Argentine Republic, or La Plata—so called from the Spanish name, "River of Silver," given by the first European discoverers to the grand inlet of the South American coast which receives the Parana and Paraguay—is one of the finest countries in the western hemisphere. Some think it not inferior to Australia, with a similar climate, as a field of pastoral or agricultural enterprise. It is a fact that several English breeders of sheep and cattle from Australia or New Zealand have removed their operations, of late years, to the vast grassy plains of South America, while there has been a very large emigration of Italians, French, Germans, and Swiss to cultivate the great extent of fertile soil; and an immense amount of British and other European capital, probably £150,000,000 sterling, is invested in the country. The population, of various nationalities, including the remnants of native Indian races, and the "Gauchos," or half-castes, is nearly two millions. The chief towns are: Buenos Ayres, the capital of the whole Republic, but formerly the capital only of the eastern province; Rosario, Cordova, Tucuman, Santa Fé, Corrientes, and Mendoza, which last-mentioned town is situated far west, near the Andes and the border of Chile. The city of Buenos Ayres—"Good Air"—may rank, with Melbourne, Sydney, and Valparaiso, among the finest cities in latitudes south of the Equator, though its aspect when first approached by the steamer, lying on a flat shore, is not very imposing. The principal streets and boulevards have more a French than a Spanish character; it is quite a modern city, with all the conveniences of European civilisation. The public edifices, the huge unfinished palace of the Government, the Bourse, the Cathedral and other churches, the banks, theatres, hotels, and many private mansions, are of stately architecture; the promenade of the Recoleta is a beautiful public park. Our Sketches, however, presented on this occasion do not represent the attractions of the city, but some groups and figures of the country people, and the waggoners, the milksellers, and other peasants who come into town; also those famous horsemen, the "Gauchos," who train and ride the wild horses from the Pampas, and of whose equestrian prowess surprising tales are told.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

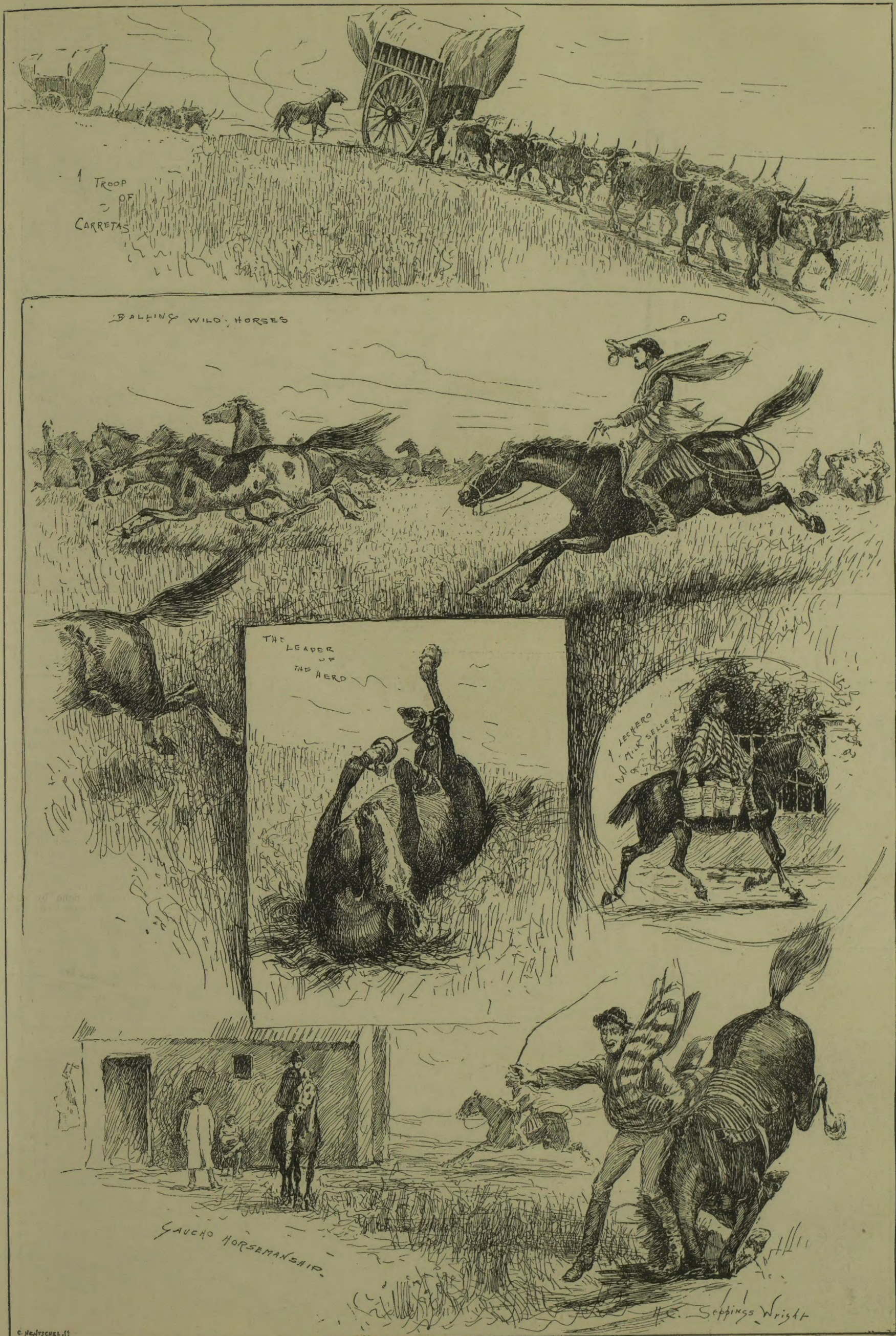
Land at last! Albeit the Twelfth found faithful legislators eating their grouse in the House instead of on the moors, members strolling on the river-terrace for a post-prandial cigar had good reason for rejoicing that the welcome harbour-lights were at length in view; and that the wearisome voyage was wellnigh ended. A few more days, and the example of flitting set by Mr. Gladstone, recuperating at Hawarden, will be followed by her Majesty's Ministers, and by none of them, be sure, with greater alacrity than by Mr. Smith, who must have smiled, with all of us, at *Punch's* comical skit at the yacht-loving First Lord of the Treasury, labelled, "Once more on board the lugger, and I am free!"

Lord Salisbury, with the exemplary clearness and explicitness characteristic of his oratorical style, on the Eleventh of August brought before the House of Lords the important International Agreement which is virtually the complement of the Anglo-German treaty. All the better for the breezes of the Solent, the Prime Minister looked in good health. Commencing with a neat expression of regret that the House had on that occasion "lost even the scanty representation of the Opposition we have previously enjoyed," Lord Salisbury at once proceeded to describe in the plainest manner the terms of the Anglo-Franco Agreements arranged by himself with the French Ambassador. In the first place, in consideration of France's recognition of the British Protectorate of Zanzibar, England recognised the '86 Agreement of the French Government with the Queen of Madagascar, who "claimed to retain to herself entire independence with respect to internal government, but the management of all foreign relations in the island was passed over to the French Resident." Secondly, England and France have amicably settled a line of demarcation between the territories of the French Government in North Africa and the fertile lands of the British Niger Company. The Premier said it had been provided that a line "should be drawn from a place called Say, on the Niger, which at present is the ultimate point of the Royal Niger Company, to another place to the north-west of Lake Tchad, which is called Barraua. But, as the Royal Niger Company have made treaties with a number of tribes, it is expressly provided that the line should be so drawn as to place not only Sokoto, but also all that belongs to it within the zone of the Niger Company." Nothing done by either Power is intended to affect in the least degree "any rights which the Sultan of Turkey may have in respect to the regions that lie south of his Tripoli dominions." There was this advantage gained by Lord Salisbury in the absence of the Opposition Leaders, that the Ministerial statement, satisfactory enough, escaped comment and criticism.

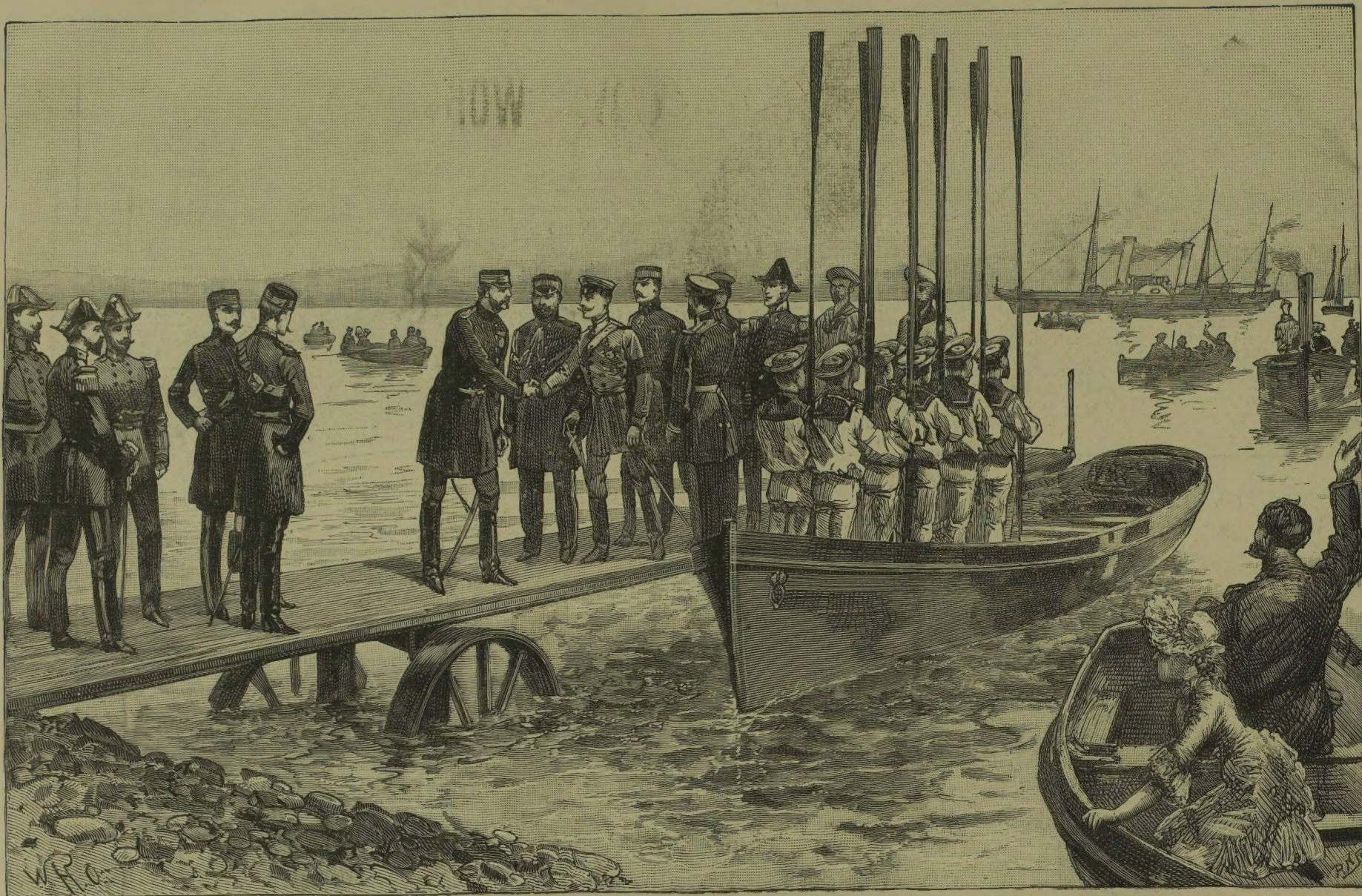
In the Commons, it has been noted that Mr. Labouchere has been almost as regular an attendant in his corner seat below the Opposition gangway (the 'vantage-place' whence Lord Randolph Churchill leapt into office in '85) as the Leader of the House has been on the Treasury bench. The generally dry and tedious details of Committee drive the majority of members to more sociable parts of the Palace of Westminster, or to handy clubs; but Mr. Labouchere and a faithful few sit on for ever, staunch guardians of the public purse, inflexible critics of plausible Ministers. Mr. Labouchere always does his spitting gently and with good-humour, however. On the Seventh of August—to wit, in Committee on the Estimates for Scotland—Mr. Labouchere evoked laughter, in which the genial Lord Advocate joined, by innocently inquiring "the meaning of Sasines and Hornings, in connection with which one gentleman receives a salary of £1000, while there are six assistants." The Lord Advocate cheerily enlightened the senior member for Northampton, whose Parliamentary industry is worthy of especial commendation.

The Government has also been "heckled" in the Commons on Turkish maladministration in Armenia (a topic on which Mr. Schwann, Mr. Leveson-Gower, and Mr. Labouchere spoke trenchantly, but were answered by Sir J. Ferguson in his usual wet blanket style); Ministers have sacrificed another Saturday with the view of hastening the close of the Session; and the polemical as well as atmospheric warmth engendered by the sultriness of the Twelfth—too late a date for any Parliament to sit till—was instanced by a very lively passage of arms between the much-baited Home Secretary and a vivacious representative of the Emerald Isle, whose excitement was calmed by the firm treatment of Mr. Leonard Courtney, the excellent Chairman of Committees.

The marriage of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., and Sophia, widow of Colonel J. S. Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, took place on Aug. 12, at St. James's, Piccadilly. The bride was given away by Mr. George Victor Ferguson, and Mr. George H. Cooper was best man.

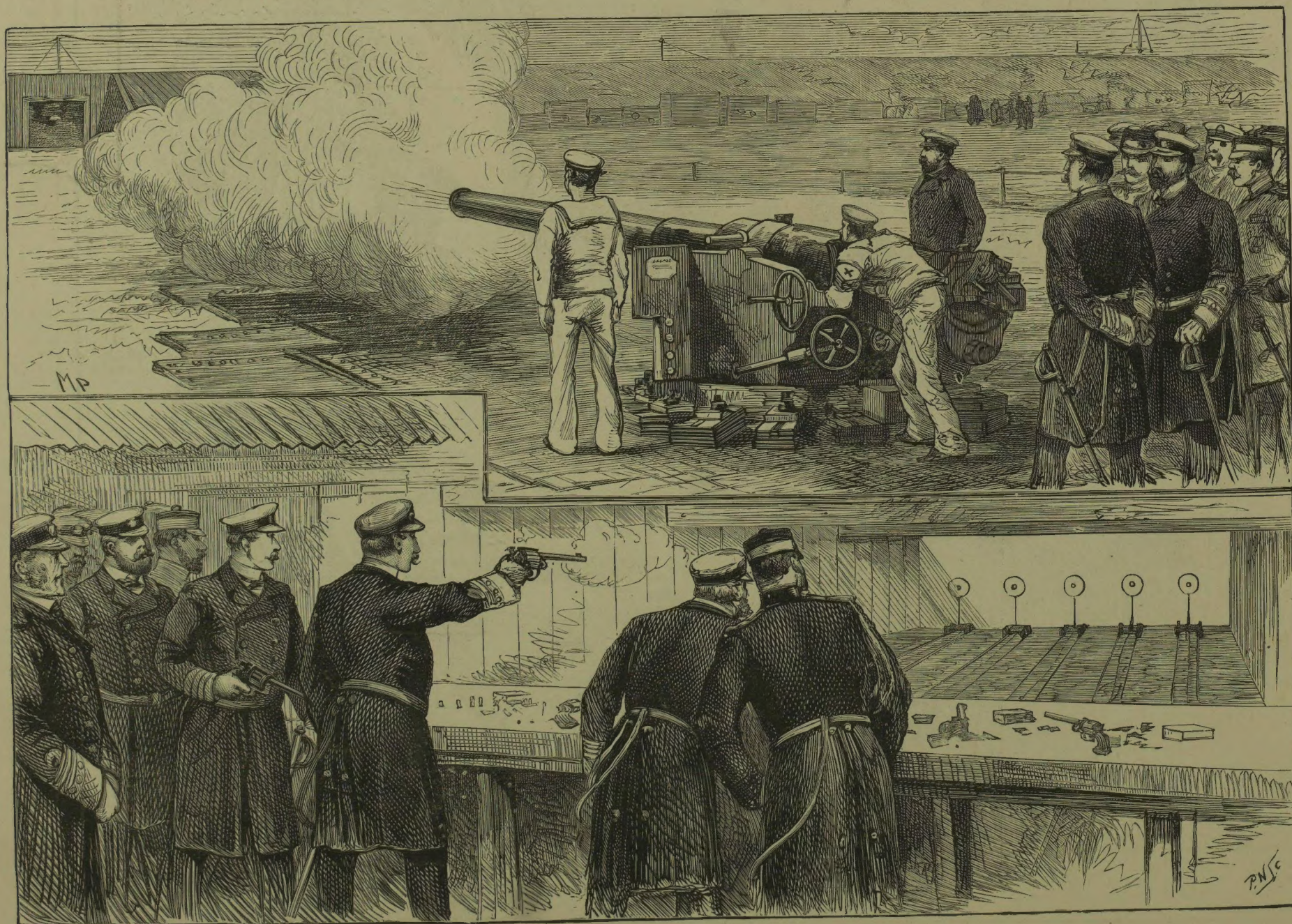


SKETCHES FROM BUENOS AYRES.



LANDING OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT EASTNEY, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

WATCHING THE QUICK-FIRING GUN.



PRACTISING WITH THE REVOLVER AT THE PROOF BUTTS.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S VISIT TO WHALE ISLAND, PORTSMOUTH.



HMP

R. TAYLOR

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

The Princes stood hesitating and staring as I towered before them, fiery and disdainful.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER V. (Continued).

There was naught much to tell you of this evening, but it lives for ever in my memory for one particular which consorted strangely with the thoughts the flight with and rescue of Editha had aroused. I had found her a roomy hollow in the rocks, and there had cut with my dagger and made a bed of rushes, built a fire, and got her some roots to eat, and when darkness fell we talked for a time by the cheerful blaze.

Without surprise I heard that though true Saxon in name and face there was some British blood in her veins—a fact, indeed, of which I had been certain without her assurance. Then she went on to tell, with tearful pauses, of the home and broad lands of which she was now lady paramount as well as of the gallant kinsman lying out yonder dead in the night dew, and wept and sighed in gentle melancholy, yet without the wild, inconsolable grief latter times have taught to women, until presently those tearful blue eyes grew heavier and heavier, and the shapely chin dropped in grief and weariness upon her white breast, and Editha of Voewood slept in the hands of the stranger.

Then I went out and looked at the blackness of the night. Over the sombre forest the shadowy pall of the evening was spread, and a thousand stars gleamed brightly on every hand. Very still and strange was that unbroken fastness after the red turmoil of yesterday, with nothing disturbing the silence but the cry of an owl to its mate across the coppices, the tinkle of a falling streamlet, and now and then the long, hungry howling of a wolf, or, nearer by, the sharp barking of the foxes. I fed my horse, then went in and pulled the fire together, and fell a-ruminating, my chin on my hands, upon a hundred episodes of happiness and fear.

"Oh, strange eternal powers who set the goings and comings of humanity, what is the meaning of this wild riddle you are reading me?" I said presently aloud to myself. "Oh! Hapi and Amenti, dark goddesses of the Egyptians—oh! Atropos, Lachesis, Clotho, fatal sisters whom the Romans dread—Mista, Skogula, Zernebock, of these dark Saxon shadows—why am I thus chosen for this uncertain immortality, when will this long drama, this changeful history of my being, end?"

As I muttered thus to myself I glanced at the white girl sleeping in the ruddy blaze, and saw her chest heave, and then—strange to tell, stranger to hear—with a sound like the whisper of a distant sea her lips parted, and there came unmistakably the words—

"Never!"

Perhaps she was but dreaming of that amorous Norman's fierce proposals, and so again I mused.

"Is it possible some unfinished spell of that red high priestess of the Druids plays this sport with me? Is it possible Blodwen's abiding affection—stronger than time and changes—accompanies me from age to age in these her sweet ambassadors for ever crossing my path? Tell me, you comely sleeper, tell me your embassy, which is it that lasts longest, life or love?"

Slowly again, to my surprise, those lips were parted, and across the silent cavern came, beyond mistake or question, the word "Love!"

At this very echo of my thoughts I stared hard at her who answered so appropriately, but there could be no doubt Editha was asleep with an unusually deep and perfect forgetfulness, and when I had assured myself of this it was only possible for me to suppose those whispered words were some delusion, the echo of my questioning.

Again I brooded, and then presently looked up, and there—by Thor and Odin! 'twas as I write it—between me and the bare earth and tangled rootlets of the cavern side, over against the fitful sparkle of the fire, was a thin impalpable form that oscillated gently to the draughts creeping along the floor, and grew taller and taller, and took mortal air and shape, and rose out of nebulous indistinctness into a fine ethereal substance, and was clothed and visaged by the concentration of its impalpable material, and there at last, smiling and gentle, in the flicker of the camp-fire, the grey shadow of my British Princess stood before me!

That man was never brave who has not feared, and then for a moment, I feared, leaping to my feet and staggering back against the wall under the terrible sweetness of those eyes that burnt into my being with a relentless fire that I could not have shunned if I would, and would not if I could. For some time I was thus motionless and fascinated, and then the gentle shadow, who had been regarding me intently, appeared to perceive the cause of my enthrallment, and lifting a shapely arm of lavender-coloured essence for a minute veiled the terrible bewitchment of her face. Shrewd, observant shadow! As she did so I was myself again—my blood welled into my empty veins, my heart knocked fiercely at my ribs, and when Blodwen lowered her hand there seemed to me endless enchantment but nothing dreadful in the glance of kindly wonder with which her eyes met mine.

Surely it was as strange an encounter as ever there had been—the little rocky recess all ruddy and shadowy in the dancing flames; the silent white Saxon girl there on the heaped-up rushes, her breast heaving like a summer sea with a long smooth undulation; and I against the stones, one hand on my dagger and the other outspread fearful on the wall, scarce knowing whether I were brave or not, while over against the eddying smoke—calm, passive, happy, immutable, was that winsome presence, shining in our dusky shelter with a tender violet light, such as was never kindled by mortal means.

When I found voice to speak I poured forth my longings and pent-up spirit in many a reckless question, but to all of them the Princess made no answer. Then I spread my arms and thought to grasp her, and ever as they nearly closed upon her she moved backwards, now here and now there, mocking my foolish hope and passing impalpable over the floor, always gentle and compassionate, until the uselessness of the pursuit at last dawned upon me, and I stood irresolute.

I little doubt that immaterial immortal would have mustered courage or strength to speak to me presently, but the sleeping girl sighed heavily at this moment and seemed so ill at ease that, without a thought, I turned to look at her. When my eyes sought the opposite side of the fire again the presence was not half herself: under my very glance she was being absorbed once more by the dusky air. To let her go like that was all against my will, and, leaping to those printless feet, "Princess! Wife!" I called, "stay another moment!" and as I said it I swept my arms round the last vestige of her airy kirtle, and drew into my bosom an armful of empty air!

She had gone, and not a sign was left—not a palm's breadth of that lovely sheen shone against the wall as I arose ashamed from my knees and noticed Editha was awaking.

"My kind protector," said that damsel, "I have been feeling so strange—not dreaming quite, but feeling as though

someone were borrowing existence of me, yet leaving in my body the blood and pulse of life. Now how can this be? I must surely have been very tired yesterday."

"No doubt you were, fair franklin," I answered. "Yesterday was such a day as well excuses your weariness. Sleep again, and when the sun rises in an hour you shall rise with it as fresh as any of the little birds that already preen themselves." So she slept—and presently I too.

All the next day we rode on through endless glades and briery paths towards Editha's home, and as we went, I afoot and she meekly perched upon our mighty Norman charger, I wooed her with a brevity which the times excused, and poured my nimble lover wit into ears accustomed only to the sluggish flattery of woodland thanes and princely swineherds. And first she blushed and would not listen, and then she sighed and switched the low wet boughs of oak and hazel as we passed along, and then she let me say my say with downcast, averted eyes, and a sweet reluctance which told me I might stoutly push the siege.

As we went we picked up now and then a straggling soldier or two from the fight behind us, and now and then a petty chieftain joined us, until presently we wound through the bracken towards Voewood, a very goodly train.

Editha had got a palfrey and I my horse again; but as she neared her home the thought of its desolation weighed heavier and heavier upon her tender nature. She would not eat and would not speak, and at last took her to crying, and so cried until we saw, aglint through the oak-stems, a very fair homestead and ample, with broad lands around, and kine and deer about it, and all that could make it fair and pleasant. This was her Voewood; and when the servants came running to meet us (knowing nothing of the fight or its results, and thinking we were their master and his sons come again) with waving caps and shouts of pleasantry, it was too much for the overwrought girl. She threw up her white hands, and, with a cry of pain and grief, slipped fainting from her palfrey before us all.

Then might you have seen a score of saddles featly emptied to the service of the heiress! Down jumped Offa the Dane, whose unchanged doublet was still red to his chin with mud and Norman gore. Down jumped Edred and Egbert, those blue-eyed brothers who had left their lands by the northern sea a month ago to follow Harold's luckless banner; Torquil the grim, and Wulfhere of the white beard, sprang to the ground; and Clywin the fair Welsh princeling, and his shadow, Idwal ap Cynan, the harper-warrior, vaulted to their feet—spent and battle-weary as they were, with many another. But lighter and quicker than any of them, Phra the Phœnician had leapt to earth, and stood there astride of the senseless girl, his hand upon his dagger-hilt, and scowling round that soldier circle wrathful to think that any other but he should touch her!

Then he took her up, as if it were a mother with a sleeping babe, and the serfs uncapped and stood back on either hand, and the grim warriors fell in behind, and so Editha came home, her loose arms hanging down and her long bright hair all adrift over the broad shoulders of the strangest, most many-adventured soldier in that motley band.

CHAPTER VI.

When I come to look back upon that Saxon period, spent in the green shades of my sweet franklin's homestead, it seems, perhaps, that never was there a time so peaceful before in the experience of this passion-tossed existence! We hunted and we hawked, we feasted and we lay abask in the sunshine of a jolly idle life all these luxurious months, drinking scorn and confusion amid our nightly flagons to remote care and (as it seemed) remoter Normans.

But first to tell you how I won the right to lord it over these merry Saxon churls and dissolute thanes. Editha had hardly come to her home and dried, in a day or two, her weeping eyes, when all the noble vagrants from yonder battle were up in arms to woo her. Never was maid so sued! From morning till night there was no rest or peace. From the uppermost bower looking over the fair English glades, down into the thickets of nut and hazel, the air reeked of love and petitions. The mighty Dane, like a sick bear, slept upon her curtained threshold and growled amorously into her timid car before the sun was up. The Welsh Prince wooed her all her breakfast time, and his tawny harper spent many a golden morning in outlining his noble patron's genealogy. In faith—ap Tudor, ap Griffith, ap Morgan, ap Hufe, and I know not how many others, it seemed all had a hand in the making of that paragon—but Editha blushed and said she feared one Saxon girl was all too few for so many. They besought her up and down, night and morning, full and empty, to wed them. The English Princelings dogged her footsteps when she went afield, and Torquil and Wulfhere, those bandaged lovers, were ready for her with sighs and plaintive proposals when she came flitting, frightened, and fearful home through the bracken.

How could this end but in one way for the defenceless girl? She was sued so much and sued so hot that one day she came creeping like a hunted animal to the turret nook where I sat brooding my fortunes, and timorous and shy begged me to help her. I stood up and touched her yellow dishevelled hair, and told her there was but one way—and Editha knew it as well as anyone—and had made her choice and slipped into my arms and was happy.

That was as noisy a wedding as ever had been in Voewood. Editha freed a hundred serfs, and all day long the noise of files on their iron collars echoed through her halls. She fed at the door every miscreant or beggar who could crawl or hobble there, and remitted her taxes to a score of poorer villains.

In the hall such noisy revellers as the rejected suitors surely never were seen. They began that wedding feast in the morning, and it was not finished by night. To me, who had so lately supped amid the costly detail, the magnificent and cultivated license of a patrician Roman table, these Saxon rioters seemed scrambling, hungry dogs. Where Electra would taunt her hughty courtiers over loaded tables which the art of three empires had furnished, firing her cruel witty arrows of spite and arrogance from her rose-strewn couches, these rough, uncivil woodland Peers but wallowed in their ceaseless flow of muddy ale, gorged themselves to sleep with the gross flesh of their acorn-fed swine, and sang such songs and told such tales as made even me, indifferent, to scowl upon them and wonder that their kinswoman and her handmaids could sit and seem unwotting of their gross, obscene, and noisy revels.

And late that night blood was nearly spilt upon the oaken floor of Voewood. The thanes had fairly pocketed their disappointment, but now, deep in drink and stuffed with food and courage, they began to eye me and my thin-hid scorn askance, and then presently, like the mutter of a quick-coming storm, came the whisper, "Why should she fall to the stranger? Why? Why?" It flew round the tables like wild-fire, and half-emptied beakers were set down, and untasted food stopped on its way to the mouth, and then—all on a

sudden, the drunken chiefs were on foot advancing to the upper table, where I sat by Editha's right hand, their daggers agleam in the torchlight shining upon their red and angry faces as they came tumbling and shouting towards us, "Death to the black-haired stranger! Voewood for a Saxon! Why should he win her?"

'Tis not my fashion to let the foeman come far to seek me, and I was up in an instant—overturning the table with all its wines and meats—and, whipping out my sword, I leapt into the middle of the rushy space before them.

"Why?" I shouted. "Why? you drunken, Norman-beaten dogs! Why? Because, by Thor and Odin! by all the bones of Hengist and his brother! I can throw a straighter javelin, and whirl a heavier sword, and sit a fiercer steed than any of you. Why? Because my heart is stronger than any that ever beat under your dirty scullion doublets. Why? Because I scorn, and spit upon, and deride you!"

It was braggart boasting, but I noticed the Saxons liked their talk of that complexion. And in this case it was successful. The princes stood hesitating and staring as I towered before them, fiery and disdainful, in the red gleaming banquet lights; until presently the youngest there burst into a merry laugh to see them all thus at bay, chewing the hilts of their angry daggers, and each one waiting for his neighbour to prove himself the braver, by dying first upon my weapon. That laugh had hardly reached the ruddy oaken rafters overhead when it was joined by a score of others, and in a moment those wilful Saxon lordlings were all laughing and jerking back their steels, and scrambling into their supper places as if they had not broken their fast since morning, and I were their mother's son.

Deep were their flagons that night, after the women had stolen away, and Idwal ap Howell filled the hall with wild Welsh harping that stirred my soul like a battle-call; for it was in my dear British tongue, and full of the colour, light, and the life that had illuminated the first page of my long pilgrimage. And the Saxon gleemen, not to be outdone, each sang the song that pleased him best; and the Welshman strove to drown them with his harping; and the thanes sang, all at once, whatever songs were noisiest and most licentious. Mighty was the fire that roared up the open hearthplace; deep was the breathing of vanquished warriors from under the tables; red was the spilt wine upon the floor—when presently they put me upon a tressel, and, bearing me round the hall in discordant triumph, finally bore me away to the inner corridors, and left me at a portal where I never yet had entered!

There is but little to say of that quiet Saxon rest that befell me in pleasant Voewood. Between each line I pen you must suppose an episode of pleasure. In the springtime, when the woods were shot with a carpet of blue and yellow flowers, we lay abasking in the sunny angles or rode out to count our swine and fallow deer. In the summer, when all Editha's mighty woodlands were like fair endless colonnades, we basked amid the flickering shadows and watched the sunny sheen upon the treetops, to the orchestra of little birds. And autumn, that touched the vassals' corn-clearings with yellow, saw my proud Norman charger grow fat and gross with new grain. September rains and mist rusted my silent weapon into its sheath, even winter, that heard the woodman's axe upon the forest trees, and saw bird and beast and men and kine draw in to the gentle bounty of my white-handed lady, was but a long inglorious holiday of another sort.

Many and many a time, if those merry months, did this Phœnician laugh to his mirror to see how fitly he could wear upon his Eastern-British-Roman body the Danish-Saxon-English tunic! It was all of fine linen the franklin's own fair fingers had spun, and pointed and tasselled and particoloured, and his legs were cross-gartered to his knees, and his little luncheon-dagger hung by his jewelled belt, and a fillet of pure English gold bound down the long black locks that fell upon his shoulders. Every morning Editha combed them out with her silver comb, and double-peaked his beard, kissing and saying it was the best in all Voewood. He had more servants than necessities in those times, and almost his only grievance was a lack of wants.

The Normans for long had left us wholly alone, partly through the usurper cunning which prompted our new tyrant to deal gently with those who had stood in arms against him, but principally in our case since the strong tide of invasion had swept northward beyond us, and Voewood slept unharmed, unnoticed among its green solitudes—a Saxon homestead as it had been since Hengist's white horse first flaunted upon an English breeze and the seven kingdoms sprang from the ashes of old Roman Britain.

So we lived light-hearted from day to day, forgetting all about the battle by Senlac, and drinking, as I have said, in our evening wassails confusion and scorn of the invaders who seemed so distant. It was a good time, and I have little to note of it. Many were the big boars which died upon my eager spear down in the morasses to the southward, and I came to love my casts of tiercelets and my hounds as though I had been born to a woodman's cape and had watched the fens for hermsaws and followed the slot of wounded deers from my youth upwards.

All these things led me into many a wild adventure and many a desperate strait; but one of them stands out from the rest upon the crowded pages of my memory. I had, one day when Editha was with me, mounted as she would be upon her palfrey, slipped the dogs upon a stag an arrow of mine had wounded in the foreleg, and, excited by the chase and reluctant as ever to turn back from an unaccomplished purpose, we followed far into the unknown distances, and all beyond our reckonings. I had let fly that shaft at midday, and at sundown the stag was still afoot, the dogs close behind him, and I, indomitable, muddied, and torn from head to foot, but with all the hunter instinct hot within me, was pressing on by my Saxon's bridle reign. Endless, rough, and tangled miles had we run and scrambled in that lengthy chase, and neither of us had noticed the way, or how angry the sun was setting in the west.

Thus it came about that when the noble hart at length stood at bay in the lichened coverts under a bushy crag, there was hardly breath in me to cheer the weary dogs upon him, and hardly light enough to aim the swift thrust of my subduing javelin which laid him dead and bleeding at our feet. Yes, and before I could cut a hunter's supper from that glossy haunch the dome of the sky closed down from east to west, and the first heavy drops of the evening rain came pattering upon the leaves overhead. Thor! how black it grew as the wind began to whistle through the branches and the murky clouds to fly across the face of the sombre heaven, while neither east nor west could any limit be seen to the interminable vastnesses of the endless woodlands! In vain was it we struggled for a time back upon our footsteps, and then even those were lost; and, as the sky in the east burnt an angry yellow for a moment before the remorseless night set in, it gave us just light to see we were hopelessly mazed in the labyrinths of the huge and lonely forest.

It was thus we turned to take such shelter as might offer, and that gleam shone for a moment pallid, yellow, and ghastly upon a cluster of grey stones, standing on a grassy mound a quarter of a mile away. Thither we struggled through the

black mazes of the storm, the headlong rain whistling through the misty thickets like flights of innumerable arrows, the angry wind lashing the treetops into bitter complaining, and waving abroad (in the sodden dismal twilight) all the long beards of goblin lichens hanging in ghostly tapestry across our path that dreary October evening.

Reeling and plunging to the shelter through a black world of tangled witnesses, with that mocking gleam behind shining like a window of the nether world, and overhead a gaunt, hurrying array of cloudy forms, we were presently upon the coppice outskirts, and there I stopped as though I had grown to the ground.

I stopped before that great gaunt amphitheatre of grey stones and stared and stared before me as though I were bereft of sense. I rubbed my eyes and pointed with trembling silent finger, and looked again and again, while the Saxon girl crouched to my side, and my hounds whined and shivered at my feet, for there, incredible! monstrous!—yellow and shining in the pallid derision of the twilight, stern, hoary, ruinous, mocking—overthrown and piled one upon another, clasped about their feet by the knotted fingers of the woodland growth, swathed in the rocking mists which gave a horrid life to their cruel, infernal deadness, were the stones, the very stones of that Druid altar-place upon which I was sacrificed nearly a thousand years before!

Here was a pretty welcome! Here was a cheerful harbourage! What man ever born of a woman who would not have been dazed and dumbfounded at this sudden confronting—this extraordinary reminiscence of the long-forgotten? It overwhelmed for the moment even me—me, Phra the Phœnician, to whom the red harvest fields of war are pleasant places, who have dallied with the infinite, and have been a melancholy coadjutor of Time itself. Even me, who never sought to live, yet live endlessly by my very negligence—who have received from the gods that gift of existence that others ask for unanswered.

I might have stood there as stolid and grim as any one of those ancient monoliths all through the storm, but for the dear one by my side. Her nestling presence roused me, and, gulping down the last of my astonishment, and seeing no respite in the yellow eye of the night over my shoulder, I took the hand that lay in mine with such gentle trust and, with a strange feeling of awe, led her into the magic circle of the old religion.

The very altar of my dispatch was still there in the centre, but time and forest creatures had worn out from under that mighty slab a little chamber, roofed with that vast flagstone and sided by its three supports—a space perhaps no bigger than the cabin of my first trading felucca, yet into this we crept, with the reluctant hounds behind us, while the tempest thundered round, and, loth to lose us, sought here and there, piping in strange keys among those time-worn relics of cruelty and singing uncouth choruses down every crevice of our wild retreat.

Pleasure and Pain are sisters, and the little needs of life must be fulfilled in every hour. I comforted my comrade, piling for her a rough couch of the forked litter upon the floor, stuffing up the crannies as well as might be with damp sods, and then making her a fire. This latter I effected with some charcoal and burnt ends of wood that lay upon an old shepherd's hearth in the centre of the chamber, and we kept it going with a little store of wood which the same absent wanderer had gathered in one corner but had failed to use. More; not only did we mend our circumstances by a ruddy blaze that danced fantastically upon our rugged walls and set our reeking clothes steaming in its flicker, but I rolled a stone to the opposite side of the hearth for Editha, and found another for myself, and soon those venison steaks were hissing most invitingly upon the glowing embers, and filling every nook and corner of the Druid slaughter-place with the suggestive fragrance of our supper.

Manners were rude and ready in that time. We supped as well and conveniently that night, carving the meat with the little weapons at our girdles, and eating with our fingers, as though we sat in state at the high thane's table of distant Voewood and looked down the great rushy hall upon three hundred feeding serfs and bondsmen. And Editha laughed and chattered—secure in my protection—and I echoed her merriment, while now and then my thoughts would wander, and I heard again in the tempest's whistling the scream of the hungry kites who had seen me die, and in the lashing of the branches the clamour and the beating of the British tribesmen who many a long lifetime before had shouted around this very place to drown my dying yells.

The good food and the warmth and a long day's work soon brought my fair mistress's head upon her hand, and presently she was lying upon the withered leaves in the corner, a fair white flower shut up for the night-time. So I finished the steak and divided the remnants between the dogs, and lay back very well contented. But here only commences the strangest part of that evening!

I had warmed my cross-gartered, buskined Saxon legs by the blaze for the best part of an hour, thinking over all the strange episodes of my coming to these ancient isles, and seeing again, on the blank hither wall, this very circle all aglow with the splendid colour of its barbarous purpose, the mighty concourse of the Britons set in the greenery of their reverent oaks—the onset of the Roman, the flash and glitter of their close-packed ranks, and the gallant Sempronius—alas! that so good a youth should be reduced to dust—and thus, I suppose, I dozed.

And then it seemed all on a sudden a mighty gust of wind swept down upon the flat roof overhead, shaking even that ponderous stone—those fierce and brawny hounds of mine howled most fearfully—crouching behind with bristling hair and shaking limbs—and, looking up, there—strange, incredible as you will pronounce it—seated beyond the fire on the stone the Saxon had so lately left, drawing her wild, rain-wet British tresses through her supple fingers—calm, indifferent, happy—gazing upon me with the gentle wonder I had seen before, was Blodwen, once again herself!

Need it be said how wild and wonderful that winsome apparition seemed in that uncouth place, how the hot flush of wonder burnt upon my swart and weathered cheeks as I sat there and gazed through the leaping flame at that pallid outline? Absently she went on with her rhythmical combing, bewitching me with her unearthly grace and the tender substance of her immaterial outline, and as I gazed with never a ready syllable upon my idle tongue, or any emotion but wonder in the heart beating tumultuously under my hunter tunic, the dogs lay moaning behind me, and the wild fantastic uproar of the tempest outside forced through the clefts of our retreat the rain-streaks that sparkled and hissed in the fire-heap.

That time I did not fear, and presently the Princess looked up and said, in a faint, distant voice, that was like the sound of the breeze among seashore pine-trees—

"Well done, my Phœnician! Your courage gives me strength." And as she spoke the words seemed gradually clearer and stronger, until presently they came sweeter to me than the murmur of a sunny river—gentler than the whispers of the ripe corn and the south wind.

"Shade!" I said. "Wonderful, immaterial, immortal, whence came you?"

"Whence did I come?" she answered, with the pretty reflection of a smile upon her face. "Out of the storm, O son of Anak!—out of the wild, wet night-wind!"

"And why, and why—to stir me to my inmost soul, and then to leave me?"

"Phœnician," she said, "I have not left you since we parted. I have been the unseen companion of your goings—I have been the shadowless watcher by your sleep. Mine was the unfelt hand that bore your chin up when you swam with the Christian slave-girl—mine was the arm that has turned, invisibly, a hundred javelins from you—and to-night I am come, by leave of circumstance, thus to see you."

"I should have thought," I said, becoming now better at my ease, "that one like you might come or go in scorn of circumstance."

"Wherein, my dear master, you argue with more simplicity than knowledge. There are needs and necessities to the very verge of the spheres."

But when I questioned what these were, asking the secret of her wayward visits, she looked at the sleeping Editha, and said I could not understand.

"Yes, by Odin's self! but I think I can. You fair-checked girl helps you. There are a hundred turns and touches in your ways and manners that speak of her, and show whence you got that borrowed life."

"You are astute, my Saxon thane, and I will not utterly refute you."

"Then, if you can do this, how was it, Blodwen, you never came when I was Roman?"

"In truth, I often tried," she said, with something like a sigh, "but Numidea was not good to fit my subtle needs, and the other one, Electra, was all beyond me." And here that versatile shadow threw herself into an attitude, and there before me was the Roman lady, so sweet, so enticing, that my heart yearned for her—ah! for the queenly Electra!—all in a moment. But before I could stretch out my arms the airy form had whisked her ethereal draperies toga-wise across her breast, and had risen, and there, towering to the low roof, flashed down scorn and hatred on me, quaking at her feet, shone the very semblance of Electra as I saw her last in the queenly glamour of her vengeance.

"Yes," said Blodwen, resuming her own form with perfect calmness before I, astounded, could catch my breath, and stroking out the tangles of her long red hair, "there was no doing anything with her, and so, Phœnician, I could not get translated to your material eyes."

All this was very wonderful, yet presently we were chatting as though there were naught to marvel at. Many were the things we spoke of, many were the wonders that she hinted at, and as she went my curiosity blazed up apace.

"And, fair Princess," I said presently, "turner of javelins, favourer of mortals, is it then within the power of such as yourself to rule the destiny of us material ones?"

"Not so; else, Phœnician, you were not here!" This made me a little uncomfortable, but, nothing daunted, I looked the strangest visitor that ever paid a midnight visit full in the face, and persisted, "Tell me, then, you bright reflection of her I loved, how seems this tinsel show of life upon its over side? Is it destiny or man that is master? How looks the flow of circumstances to you?—to us, you will remember, it is vague, inexplicable."

"You ask me more than I can say," she answered, "but so far I will go, you, material, live substantially, and before you lies unchecked the illimitable spaces of existence. Of all these you are certain heir."

"Speak on!" I cried, for now and then her voice and attention flagged. "And is there any rule or sequence in this life of ours—is it for you to guide or mend our happenings?"

"No, Phœnician! You are yourselves the true forgers of the chains that bind you, and that initial 'prenticeship you serve there on your world is ruled by the aggregate of your actions. I tell you, Tyrian," she exclaimed, with something as much like warmth as could come from such a hazy air-stirred body—"I tell you nothing was ever said or done but was quite immortal: all your little goings and comings, all your deeds and misdeeds, all the myriad leaves of spoken things that have ever come upon the forests of speech, all the raindrops of action that have gone to make the boundless ocean of human history, are on record. You shake your head, and cannot understand? Perhaps I should not wonder at it."

"And have all these things left a record upon the great books of life, and is it given to the beings of the air to refer to them, even as yonder hermit turns back his scrolls of history and finds secreted on his yellow vellums the things of long ago?"

"It is so in some kind. The actions of that life of yours leave spirit-prints behind them from the most infinitesimal to the largest. Now, see! I have but to wish, and there again is all the moving pantomime around you of that unhappy day when you well-nigh died upon this spot," and the chieftainess leaped to her feet and swept her arm around and looked into the void and smiled and nodded as though all the wild spectacle she spoke of were enacting under her very eyes. "Surely, you see it! Look at the priests and the people, and there the running foreigners and that tall youth at their head—why, O trader in oils and dyes! it is not the remembrance of the thing, it is, I swear it, the thing itself!"

But never a line or colour could I perceive, only the curling smoke overhead looped and hung like tapestries upon the grey lichen walls, and the black night-time through the crevices. And, discovering this, Blodwen suddenly stopped and looked upon me with vexed compassion. "I am sorry, I am no good teacher to so outrun my pupil. Ask me henceforth what simple questions you will, and they shall be answered to the best I can."

And so presently I went on, "If those things which have been are thus to you—and it does not seem impossible—how is it with those other things of to-day, or still unborn of the future? How far can you more favoured ones foresee or guide those things to which we, unhappy, but submit?"

"The strong tide of circumstance, Phœnician, is not to be turned by such hands as these"—and she held her pallid wrists towards the blaze, until I saw the ruddy gleam flash back from the rough gold bosses of her ancient bracelets. "There are laws outside your comprehension which are not framed for your narrow understanding. We obey these as much as you, but we perceive with infinitely clearer vision the inevitable logic of fate, the true sequence of events, and thus it is sometimes within our power to amend and guide the details of that brief episode which you call your life."

"Do you say that priceless span, my comrades, yonder sleeping girl, and all the others set so high a value on is but 'an episode'?"

"Yes—a halting step upon a wondrous journey, half a gradation upon the mighty spirals of existence!"

"And time?" I asked, full of a wonder that scarce found leisure to comprehend one word of hers before it asked another question. "Is there time with you? Even I, reflective now and then upon this long journey of mine, have thought that time must be a myth, an impossibility to larger experience."

"Of what do you speak, my merchant? I do not remember the word."

"Oh, yes; but you must. Is there period and change yonder? Is Time—Time, the great braggart and bully of life, also potent with you?"

"Ah! now I do recall your meaning; but, my Tyrian, we left our hour-glasses and our calendars behind us when we came away! There is, perhaps, time yonder to some extent, but no mortal eyes, not mine even, can tell the teaching of that prodigious dial that records the hours of universes and of spaces."

I bent my head and thought, for I dimly perceived in all this a meaning appearing through its incomprehensibilities. Much else did we talk through the livelong night, whereof all I may not tell, and something might but weary you. At one time I asked her of the little one I had never seen, and then she, reflective, questioned whether I would wish to see him. "As gladly," was my reply, "as one looks for the sun in springtime." At this the comely chieftainess seemed to fall a-musing, and even while she did so an eddy in the curling smoke of the low red fire swang gently into consistency there by her bare shoulder, and brightened and grew into mortal likeness, and in a moment, by the summons of his mother's will, from where I knew not, and how I could not guess, a fair, young, ruddy boy was fashioned and stood there leaning upon the gentle breast that had so often rocked him, and gazing upon me with a quiet wonder that seemed to say, "How came you here?" But the little one had not the substance of the other, and after a moment, during which I felt somehow that no slight effort was being made to maintain him, he paled, and then the same waft of air that had conspired to his creation shredded him out again into the fine thin webs of disappearing haze.

Comely shadow! Dear British mistress! Great was thy condensation, passing strange thy conversation, wonderful thy knowledge, perplexing, mysterious thy professed ignorance! And then, when the morning was nigh, she bade me speak a word of comfort to the restless-sleeping Editha, and when I had done so I turned again—and the cave was empty! I ran out into the open air and whispered "Blodwen!" and then louder "Blodwen!" and all those grey, uncouth, sinful old monoliths, standing there in the half-light up to their waists in white mist, took up my word and muttered out of their time-worn hollows one to another, "Blodwen, Blodwen!" but never again for many a long year did she answer to that call.

(To be continued.)

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

On Thursday morning, Aug. 7, with the entry of the battle-ships of the A squadron into Plymouth Sound, the first or preliminary stage of the manœuvres of 1890, called in the Admiralty programme the "introductory cruise," had been brought to an end. The period of supposed hostilities between the A squadron, commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon, and the B squadron, under Admiral M. Culme Seymour, began, by official orders, at five o'clock in the evening on Friday, Aug. 8, and would continue till Aug. 18, the hostile fleet, that of Admiral Seymour, having its headquarters at Berehaven, in Bantry Bay.

The early days of the preliminary cruise were devoted to the practice of steam tactics and fleet evolutions, which consist of the ships deploying into a continually changing order of positions, crossing and recrossing each other, so that those who at one moment were on the port side shall be at another on the starboard side, and that those who at one moment were following shall in the next be leading. If one were to seek as a simile something in a totally distinct sphere which could give some idea of what steam tactics most resemble, that simile would perhaps be found by likening them to some stately minuet gracefully danced. It is considered that these tactics are necessary, as not only giving to the quartermasters, who in such cases of hasty mobilisation as take place for these manœuvres must necessarily be new to their ships' sailing powers, some idea of how they are to be handled, but also as being excellent practice in steering and the art of rapidly altering course. On the next day the whole fleet began target practice directly after division.

The plan of the opposed manœuvres of the two squadrons is to contend for the mastery over a broad "trade route" across the Bay of Biscay and up the British Channel to Dover, and up St. George's Channel as far as Carnarvon Point on the coast of Wexford. Admiral Seymour endeavours to get and keep a position in these waters; and Admiral Sir George Tryon has to defeat the attempt and to protect the coasts.

Our Artist's Sketches represent the despatch-boat *Hearty* delivering mails to the ships, the squadron anchored at night in Falmouth Roads, and the torpedo attack in Plymouth Sound.

The Clothworkers' Company has promised £100 towards the new Hall of Horticulture for the Royal Horticultural Society.

In July, 17,021 emigrants of British origin left this kingdom. For the first seven months of this year the total number of emigrants was 125,063, being 75,110 English, 11,773 Scotch, and 38,180 Irish.

According to the Government Statistician of New South Wales, diamonds are found in that colony, as well as in Victoria and Queensland. The principal fields in the former are situated at Bingera, near Inverell, and the mining has been fairly successful. Up to the end of 1887, some 75,000 stones had been obtained, the largest weighing 5½ carats, or 16·2 grains. They are found in river drifts of the Tertiary formation, and in beds derived from these. They are harder and whiter than the South African stones, and on a par with those of Brazil. In 1888 the work of searching was practically abandoned, owing to the severe drought.

At a meeting of the School Board for London on Aug. 7, the annual report of the School Management Committee—a volume of 526 foolscap pages—was submitted. The chairman of the committee stated that the work of the past year was characterised by a greater measure of success than that of any preceding year. The report, in almost every paragraph and by every kind of test that could be applied to the schools, showed that the work of the past year was remarkably successful. The debate on the motion for the reception of the report was adjourned. The piano question was again discussed, and the further consideration of the subject postponed. The Board adjourned over the summer holidays till October 9.

At the quarterly court of governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, recently held, the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that the 321 beds in the two buildings had remained occupied, and, besides, 147 in-patients had been sent to convalescent homes at the seaside, and there maintained at the expense of the hospital, with very beneficial results. The committee felt compelled to remind the public that the hospital, being unendowed, needs constant support, for which they earnestly appeal. The number of patients admitted since May 29 was 259; discharged, many greatly benefited, 361; and died, 46. The new out-patients' cases had numbered 2438.

HOTSPUR. HEARTY, WITH MAILS.



H.M.S. ANSON.

H.M.S. INFLEXIBLE.

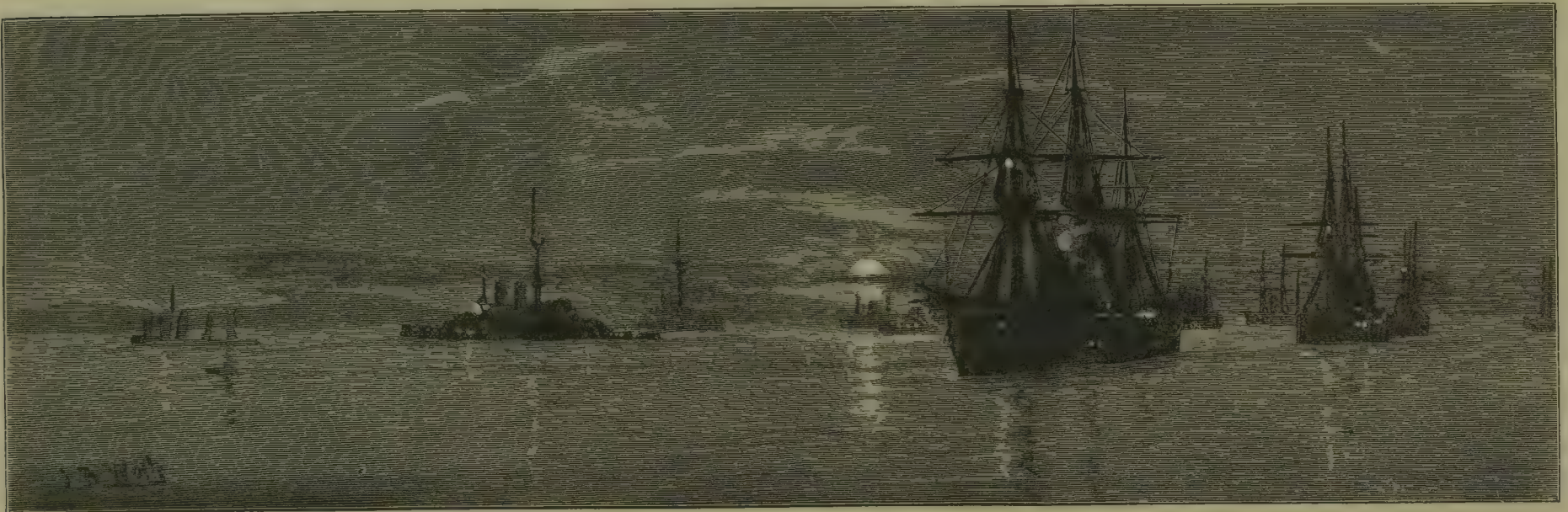
HERO.

INCONSTANT.

BLACK PRINCE.

TRIUMPH.

DELIVERING MAILS TO THE FLEET.



A QUIET NIGHT IN FALMOUTH ROADS.

T H E N A V A L M A N Œ U V R E S.



PRINCE HENRY OF
BATTENBERG.

THE EMPEROR.

PRINCE OF WALES.

DUKE OF
CONNAUGHT.

DUKE OF
EDINBURGH.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON. A CHAT AFTER DINNER.



"PITTY-SING."—BY C. VAUTIER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION OF MUNICH.

"PITTY-SING."

It is five years since the first representation of "The Mikado," one of the best of the comic operas produced by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Savoy Theatre: the precise date was March 14, 1885. In almost every city of Europe, America, and the British Colonies, where such entertainments are possible, delighted audiences have enjoyed the fun and music of this piece; and here is a picture by a foreign artist, M. Vautier, recalling to view one of its most bewitching figures. While the principal characters—the Japanese monarch, his Prime Minister, his High Executioner, and his son Prince Nanki-Poo, a fugitive wandering disguised as a minstrel—are not to be forgotten, the attractive trio of sisters, Pitty-Sing, Yum-Yum, and Peep-Bo, have left an ineffaceable impression. Yum-Yum is the heroine of the story, beloved by the gallant young Prince, and perplexed by her compulsory engagement to the obnoxious Lord Ko-Ko. But the charming looks and ways of Pitty-Sing, alternately demure and coquettish, remain still in our memory, and we are glad to see her again.

THE ADVANTAGES OF UNCERTAINTY.

I cannot but think that the craving after certainty is not always so good and just a feeling as men are apt to suppose. Life is made up of probabilities, and they ought to suffice, as Bishop Butler has pointed out, for the guidance of conduct. And in ordinary affairs, in trifles as well as in matters of importance, is it always clear that certainty would be an advantage? "Let me be ignorant," says one of Shakespeare's divine women, and in some circumstances the wish appears to be a wise one. It may be questioned, for example, if business could go on, if we knew with perfect accuracy how it is conducted. What jerry-builder could find a purchaser for his house if it were known beforehand that the timber of the building was unseasoned, the walls unsound, the drainage bad, and the gas-pipes leaky? What *bon vivant* would sit at rich men's feasts, if he were certain that his life must inevitably be shortened by them? He may suspect that what is called good living is bad living, but he comforts himself in the belief that suspicions are not certainties. Think, too, of our unhappy condition, if, instead of eating and drinking in faith, all the mysteries of adulteration were disclosed to us! And was it not well for Hamlet that his father's ghost did not unfold the secrets of his prison-house? I suppose that almost every man has a suspicion that he has occasionally made a fool of himself. The feeling is a painful one, but it would be tenfold worse if he knew what his friends said of him on such occasions.

Love and matrimony, the pleasantest and yet most critical ventures in which young men and women embark, owe much of the delights they yield to uncertainty. It is delicious to have one being in the world whose love is, or seems to be, as boundless as the sea and firm as the everlasting hills. A young man and maiden marry in hope and faith, and the uncertainty of the future enables them to anticipate measureless enjoyment. But troubles, like the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa, may fall thickly on these happy lovers, and the clear stream of joy be choked with cares. Would it be well, when the marriage-bells are sounding a joyful peal, if bride and bridegroom could see spread out, as on a map, the years that lie before them? Uncertainty is surely in their case a blessing.

And don't you think, reader, that an income with possibilities is better than a salary which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth not? Dr. Johnson, you will remember, said that small certainties were the bane of men of talent, and there are very few of us who question the possession of the talent to which they would be a bane. This may be why so many persons follow the profession of literature, which, with the exception of the theatrical, is the most uncertain of callings. It is only a few favoured novelists who make a fortune by the pen, and I believe that five men of letters in ten find it extremely difficult to make a living. But, since there is the chance of fame—which in youth is better than gold—and the possibility of gaining money also, a young man, blessed, as he imagines, with a sufficient mental equipment, starts cheerily on the most perilous of voyages. With

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,

who is craven enough to fear a storm or a collision? The danger may be great, but it is uncertain; and the freedom and independence of a literary life amply compensate for its risks.

I believe that much of the zest of life is gained from its illusions, from its poetical fancies, and from its splendid hopes. The soldier would not advance to battle with a light heart if he knew for certain that he must leave a leg upon the field, and the necessarily empirical character of the medical art is a solace to patients who remember how often a doctor's verdict has been falsified. "I never speak to that man now," the eccentric Dr. Abernethy is reported to have said of a former patient, "because, Sir, I told him he would die, and he ought to have died." Then, again, in all the great works achieved by man the uncertainty of the result proves a stimulus and inspiration. If the goal were secure, how slight would be the energy put forth to attain it! A swimmer doubtful of reaching the shore breasts the waves with his full power; a runner in a race strains every muscle in order to win the prize; and there is no worthy career in life that is not in some measure indebted to uncertainty. It is the laggards who fail, it is the easy-going men who live for immediate ease and enjoyment, whose sleepy, comfortable lives are of little use to anyone. They have no foes to fight, no battle to win, neither does any Apollon ever "straddle across the whole breadth of the way" to intercept their progress. The tonic of uncertainty never braces them to action, and the smooth tenour of their course is unbroken by intellectual or spiritual difficulties. We all know such men, but in our better moments do we not pity or despise them? It is the fighters whom we envy—the men who, like the war-horse, scent the field from afar, and enjoy the glorious uncertainty of the conflict. J. D.

Some workmen were excavating a part of the Piazza of the Duomo at Verona for the repairs of a drain, when they came upon a gigantic statue of Minerva in white marble, in a perfect state of preservation.

The Volunteers who encamped at Aldershot for a week—the Post Office (24th Middlesex), the 15th Middlesex (Customs and Docks), the Tower Hamlets, the 1st Volunteer Battalion Essex, and the 1st Volunteer Battalion Bedford—returned to their respective headquarters on Aug. 9, Sir Evelyn Wood having signified his satisfaction at the appearance, drill, and behaviour of the men under canvas.

The cricket-matches between Kent and Surrey, Gloucestershire and Lancashire, Notts and Yorkshire, Past and Present of Cambridge University and Australians, and Warwickshire and Cheshire, ended on Aug. 9 in a draw in each case. Derbyshire beat Norfolk by an innings and sixty runs, Surrey Club and Ground were victors over Northampton Club and Ground by 144 runs, and Northumberland were defeated by Durham by ten wickets.

NEW BOOKS.

English Writers: An Attempt Towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. V. (Cassell and Co.)—The veteran scholar and retired Professor of English Literature who has of late years undertaken a great work of critical research and original analysis, which we hope he will have time to complete—the systematic examination and description of all notable specimens of authorship, in prose and poetry, from the earliest ages of our nation—is making good progress with his laborious task. With the sixth volume, promised for next October, he will have finished the literary history of the fourteenth century, which has occupied the present and the preceding volume, comprising a period too little studied, in general, as a needful part of English education. For the reign of Edward III. and that of his successor, Richard II., as manifestly as the so-called "Elizabethan" age, seems an era of vigorous development in the social and intellectual life of England, which had then emerged from its tutelage under French influences, and was shaking off both the restraints of feudalism and those of monasticism, already beginning even to defy the usurpations of Papal authority. The lapse of three centuries since the Norman Conquest had not only effaced all distinctions of race—which, indeed, were forgotten, as we may affirm, in spite of Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," under the early Plantagenets—but had welded together people of all ranks and classes to form the modern English nation. It was a consequence of Edward the Third's wars with France, otherwise mischievous and wasteful, causing immense loss and misery to both nations, that England became fully emancipated from the imitation of French manners, tastes, and fashions which had long been favoured by the Court. This was indeed a gradual process, which is remarkably exemplified in the writings of Geoffrey Chaucer, the principal subject of Mr. Morley's fifth volume. John Wiclif here occupies about eighty pages, and Chaucer above two hundred and sixty, not at all too much, in either case, for two of the greatest and best of true Englishmen, who were contemporaries, Wiclif being perhaps ten years the elder, and Chaucer surviving him sixteen years; and who were certainly allied by moral and religious sympathies, probably also by familiar personal acquaintance. Although, in the recorded incidents of both their lives, minutely scrutinised by Mr. Morley with scrupulous accuracy, there is no direct biographical evidence of this last assumption, it is warranted by their constant intercourse with their great patron and protector, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the able and ambitious Prince who virtually ruled England nearly thirty years, during the senility of his father, and the juvenile imbecility of his nephew.

Chaucer, born of respectable middle-class parentage, bred a courtier, and continually employed in clerical public offices connected with the Customs, besides occasionally being sent abroad, as a Secretary of Legation, to assist in foreign negotiations, owed all his personal advancement to John of Gaunt, and rendered him most faithful service, without, so far as we know, meddling with political party affairs. His integrity of conduct appears unblemished, and his domestic life bears not the slightest reproach. We are, however, in Mr. Morley's close analysis of the numerous writings of this accomplished scholar and illustrious poet, especially struck by the proofs of their accommodation, gradually changing in tone and style, in the choice of themes, in the form of composition, the manner of treatment, and the allusions to foreign authors, conformably with the literary tastes of the English Court. These influences must have been strongly represented in the aristocratic society gathered around the household of John of Gaunt by the two noble ladies—the Duchess Blanche, a daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, and Princess Constance of Castile—successively married to Chaucer's liberal patron. It may be frankly confessed that, if Chaucer's later years of comparative leisure, and liberty to pursue his own inclinations as a popular writer for the generality of his countrymen, had not allowed him to produce the immortal "Canterbury Pilgrims," with their unequalled portraiture of social class types and genuine individual characters, and with their humorous, kindly, sagacious, lifelike pictures of English manners in his age, we should care little for his many preceding works. Imitations of French allegorical romances, of the pleadings in the "Courts of Love," or adaptations from Boccaccio's narrative poems, designed to suit his more courtly readers—these, indeed, bear marks of his genius, but it is only the enthusiastic student of literary history who can peruse them with much interest. The story of Troilus and Cressida is better told in Shakespeare's play, but it is not a very good story. We agree with Mr. Morley in esteeming "The House of Fame," with its fine Dantesque visionary flight, as one of the most original productions of Chaucer's mind. Indeed, Mr. Morley's critical judgments are seldom mistaken, and he praises, in a few just and sober words, more effectively than Mr. Swinburne can do in a flood of eulogistic eloquence. We hope yet to see him arrive at the "Elizabethan" age and Shakespeare.

The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare. By J. J. Jusserand, translated by Elizabeth Lee, revised and enlarged by the author. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—If the time of Shakespeare had been in our generation—how happily for us, who are mentally thirsting, starving, and collapsing into stupid apathy for lack of genuine humour and imagination in our current literature!—we may be sure that Shakespeare, like Dickens, would have been a writer of prose novels. Our national gratitude, the whole world's perpetual gratitude, for the actual gifts of his incomparable genius does not preclude an unavailing wish that it could have been applied to illustrate human nature and life under modern social conditions, and with materials gathered by the wisest and kindest observer of mankind from direct acquaintance with England as it now is, and from the other nations with whom it is now so much easier to hold an intimate converse. Especially desirable seems to us, for another Shakespeare in the nineteenth century, or in a future age—if so great a blessing might again be hoped—the freedom which is allowed to every novelist or romance-writer in his choice of themes, supposing him either to invent original stories or to recast, as Shakespeare usually did, exalting them and transfiguring them by his own imaginative powers, the stories already treated by preceding or contemporary authors of inadequate skill. Working for the service of the stage, using plots which were probably, until he retired from London in the latter years of his life, selected in compliance with the policy of theatrical management from the tales happening to be in fashionable or popular vogue, Shakespeare was too often obliged to expend the gold of his genius upon dramatised fables unworthy of such adornment. The literary taste of the Elizabethan age, judging from the books then most largely sold—not from the plays, which were never written for sale—was indeed extremely bad, in spite of the existence of so true a poet as Spenser, and of such accomplished scholars as Sidney, Raleigh, and others; it was not till the reigns of James I. and Charles I. that the average standard, at least of prose composition, was improved. The truth of this general estimate will scarcely be denied by

readers familiar with the works, other than those supplied to the theatre, which gained most applause in the latter part of the sixteenth century, from the "Euphuës" of John Lyly, with its numerous imitators, followed by the ephemeral productions of Robert Greene, a very successful writer in his day; the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney, which is an elegant absurdity, though noble in style and sentiment; and the "realistic" novels of Thomas Nash, with whom Dekker, Chettle, and others are associated, contemporary with the rise of Shakespeare. These books obtained an immense popularity, though appealing successively to the tastes of different classes. The Euphuists, including Lyly, Greene, Lodge, and Breton, had composed didactic and romantic tales in a curiously affected style, after the manner of the Spanish author Guevara. Next, Sir Philip Sidney had been influenced by another Spanish example, the "Diana" of Montemayor, in writing for courtly and aristocratic readers, during the period when tales of chivalry and of pastoral manners were in favour, to which period also belongs Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Last came Nash and other low humourists.

A full and exact account of those characteristic literary schools, traces of which are so plentiful in Shakespeare's "Comedies," is given by M. Jusserand in this interesting volume. Euphuism had apparently gone out of fashion, when Shakespeare ridiculed its stilted and "picked" phrases of speech in the Don Armadillo of "Love's Labour Lost," one of his earliest plays. But the Arcadian chivalry romances enjoyed a longer run, perhaps owing to the personal reputation of that gallant gentleman Sir Philip Sidney; so that Shakespeare borrowed the whole plot of "As You Like It" from Lodge's "Rosalynde, or Euphuës' Golden Legacy," printed in 1590; that of the "Winter's Tale" from Greene's "Pandosto," published in 1588; and other stories apparently from the writings of Warner, Riche, and Emmanuel Ford. No copyright injury was done to these authors, for the plays remained more than thirty years unpublished; and Robert Greene's notorious complaint was not that Shakespeare pirated his novels, the fame and sale of which, continued afterwards through many editions, would rather be enhanced by the plays, but that Shakespeare, being the adapter of plays at his theatre, altered or recast, for the stage, plays which had been purchased by the manager from Greene and other dramatic authors. Shakespeare did well in so doing, and neither the authors nor the audience, nor we his present readers, suffered any loss; but we may now and then regret that he had not better materials, in the plots of those stories, or that they were not left to his own invention, as an independent author. Let us once more suppose, in our own age, the existence of another Shakespeare, combining more than the genius of Walter Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Hood, Dickens, and Thackeray, with every other poet, humourist, wit, satirist, and novelist of the nineteenth century. Would he have been an adapter of plays for any London theatre under "actor-management"? Not he; but he would have given us such works as we are likely never to get: "Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade." Such reflections are suggested by M. Jusserand's learned and amusing critical treatise, of which this is a good translation. The volume is furnished with many amusing reprints of quaint old woodcuts, and with some contemporary portraits.

Untrodden Ground in Astronomy and Geology. By Major-General Drayson, F.R.A.S.—It is now seventeen years since this author published his treatise called "The Last Glacial Epoch," propounding an astronomical theory which he has developed in four successive treatises, the present work being the most complete. His main endeavour is to prove, by geometrical arguments, that the solar axis of our earth, instead of travelling in a circle round the pole of the ecliptic as a centre, actually describes a circle round a central point six degrees distant from the pole of the ecliptic. The proofs of this proposition are now multiplied, while the cause of the movement is explained by the aid of exact calculations. We can no longer be satisfied with the statement hitherto accepted as correct—which is, that the earth has three principal movements—namely, a daily rotation round a single axis; an annual revolution round the sun; and a conical movement of the whole axis of daily rotation round the pole of the ecliptic as a centre. This so-called conical movement of the single axis fails, as General Drayson justly observes, to explain how other parts of the earth, besides the axis, are affected by the deviation. In his view, it is not the whole axis that describes the cone, but the two half-axes, each of which describes a cone; and they do so in consequence of a second rotation of the earth, performed in a vast period of time. Of course, in exactly the same manner, the daily rotation must cause all lines from the earth's centre to its surface to describe cones in twenty-four hours. Instead, therefore, of taking into account only the annual changes of posture, with regard to the pole of the heavens, produced by a mere conical movement of the earth's entire axis, we have to consider the results of a second rotation, causing changes in the zenith of every locality on the surface of the globe. The calculations of these results are shown to correspond beautifully with ascertained facts. As there are poles and an equator of the daily rotation, so must there be also poles and an equator of the second rotation. The north pole of the second rotation is fixed by co-ordinates as follows: It is 29 deg. 25 min. 47 sec. from the pole of daily rotation, and is in a meridian of 270 deg. right ascension. While the poles of daily rotation are fixed in the earth, the poles of the second rotation are not fixed in the earth, but appear fixed, at least at present, as regards the heavens. The second rotation causes the pole of daily rotation to trace, in the sphere of the heavens, a circle round the pole of the second rotation as a centre, and not round the pole of the ecliptic as a centre, as has been supposed up to the present time. Consequently, during the period of one second rotation, which occupies about 31,680 years, there has been a variation of 12 deg. in the extent of the Arctic Circles. For example, at the date B.C. 13,000, the Arctic Circle must have reached nearly latitude 54 deg. N., and the Glacial Period, occupying about 16,000 years, gradually deceased, terminating about six thousand years ago. This agrees with the latest geological investigations. It was not one continual winter frost protracted through so many years, but very cold winters and very hot summers, as is shown by the evidence that the glaciers and icebergs were frequently in motion, even the glaciers at a great height in mountain regions. We must suppose that the return of a similar condition of the climate, in our own latitude, is to be expected, after a few more thousands of years; but human civilisation will probably then be more equally distributed all over the globe; and our posterity will have learnt how to take care of themselves, it is to be hoped, better than did those of the last Glacial Epoch. General Drayson's theory has, further, an interesting application to different astronomical problems. It allows the polar distance of a star, for a hundred years or more, to be calculated, from one observation, with perfect exactness; the value of the precession of the equinoxes, and the obliquity, can also be reckoned for thousands of years, taking the "second rotation" of the earth into account. We commend this important treatise on a great subject to attentive study and reflection, in the interest of scientific truth.



1. A Quiet Sunday at Broek.
2. A Small Ship-boy at Zandvoort.

3. Old Lighthouse-keeper at Katwijk-an-Zee.
4. Chat between Farmers' Wives in Hillegom.

5. Sunday Card-party on the Oude Zijdsvoorburgwal, Amsterdam.

RAMBLING SKETCHES IN HOLLAND: DUTCH FOLK.

Our Rambling Artist, M. Mars, has plied his pencil in many places of the small but famous, historic, and picturesque Netherlands, curiously intermixed with water, our neighbour over the North Sea. Of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, the great mercantile cities, of the aristocratic Hague, of learned Leyden, and of the provincial capitals, Utrecht, and other notable ancient towns, we have no occasion to say more than that they are full of interesting sights and historical recollections. Our Artist has sought his characteristic figures and groups of Dutch folk in the byeways along the west

coast at Katwijk-an-Zee, at the most northerly outlet of the Rhine, and at Zandvoort, near Haarlem; also in the agricultural district of Hillegom, and in that celebrated pattern of neatness and cleanliness, the little town of Broek. His Sketches were made on Sundays, and none of the people seem to be working; but everybody knows that Dutchwomen are the most diligent of housewives, and those two, standing with their pails to exchange a few words of sociable chat, have done their washing, scrubbing, and scouring in a manner that would surprise many of their sex whom

we do not care to name. Their husbands and brothers, too, fond as they may be of lounging and smoking, perhaps even of a quiet game of cards in a safe corner, when there is no work to do, can labour with all their strength, on land or sea, as farmers, sailors, or fishermen; and have they not literally made the land they live in, and defended it, by constant toil, against the ocean waves? The dykes of this sea-beaten coast, the canals of Holland, the cities built on piles, and the broad "polders" reclaimed by draining works of extraordinary magnitude, attest the energy and fidelity of the Dutch people.



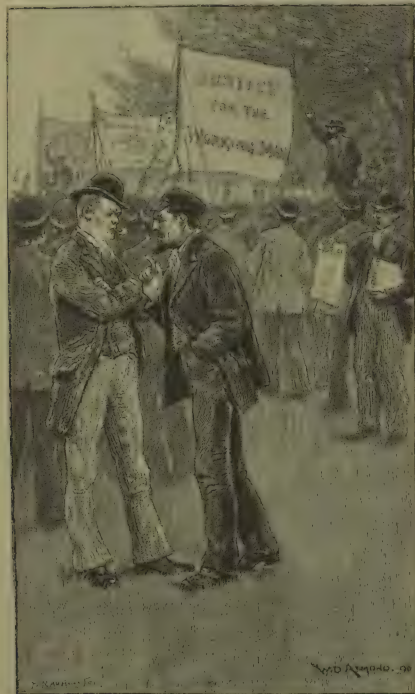
THE BAND.



THE SERPENTINE: LOOKING WEST.



NURSES AND CHILDREN.



DEMONSTRATION AT THE REFORMERS' TREE.



EVENING WOMENADE.



A PROCESSION ENTERING THE PARK FROM THE MARBLE ARCH.

SHEEP-SHEARING IN ARRAN.

He who would see the Highland pastoral life of to-day at its busiest should visit a shepherd's shieling on one of the great hill-farms at shearing time. Seven or eight hundred sheep, perhaps, are to be shorn, and it is a time of neighbourly help and hearty good cheer, the rivalry of ambitious shearers and the airing of quaint hill wit.

For days the shepherd has been working his scattered flocks lower and lower among the mountains. In a deep burn-pool at the bottom of some secluded glen there has been a great washing of the herds—a mighty plunging and splashing in the swirling torrent, and emergence of snowy fleeces. In the fields about the shieling all night long before the shearing there has been a multitudinous bleating and movement of the flocks, followed about sunrise, perhaps, by a pursuit of miles after some escaping ewe. The shepherd, who has been up before daybreak casting anxious glances at the weather and once more counting his charge, has been joined early in the morning by some of his nearest neighbours among the hills, and has already been busy for hours separating sheep and lambs, and getting the former, duly assorted, in readiness into the folds.

Great preparations likewise have been made indoors by the shepherd's wife. Huge bunches of vegetables have been cleaned, chopped up, and placed in the boiler, to be made, with the joints sent up from "the big house," into mutton broth; a large boxful of scones and oatmeal cakes has been baked, the flat iron girdle swinging for half a day over the kitchen fire; and a whole cheese has been laid in. The end of the shieling in which the fleeces are to be stored has been cleared out, the shearing trestles got down from their resting-place and set in a semicircle on the green before the door, and in the midst of them a fire has been kindled and a pot of Archangel tar set on it to boil. There is great glee among the shepherd's children, who get a holiday from school to help on the occasion. With bare brown legs they run everywhere, laughing, the work of their elders being play to them; and the eldest daughter, a blowing rose of some eighteen summers, has put a bit of fresh ribbon round her modest throat, and goes about, helping her mother, with a heightened colour on her cheek. It might be cruel to ask the reason why.

Along the moorland paths, presently, the shepherds who are to lend their help can be seen coming in, each with his long hazel staff in hand and a collie or two at his heels. Weather-beaten men, of middle age, most of these Highland shepherds are, with heavy blue bonnets, hob-nailed shoes, and rough homespun tweeds, their faces hidden behind prodigious bushy beards. Only one or two are young, clean-shaven all but a short whisker, and, from the sly chaffing they are made to undergo, apparently still bachelors.

"Weel, Angus, I'm thinkin' ye ken this road better than maist o' us. Was't a lost yowe ye were efter up here on Tuesday night, or was't a pair o' blue een?"

"Mind, Angus, it's to be shearin' sheep ye're here the day, an' no to be castin' sheep's een at Janet MacIntyre."

Under banter of this sort sometimes Angus would be the better of a little more hair on his face to hide his confusion. Nor is he greatly consoled on reaching the shieling, for Janet somehow just then, of course, is nowhere to be seen. It is only a little later that she will happen in on some chance errand, perhaps when Angus is alone packing fleeces in the byre-end of the house.

For awhile there is nothing but a succession of greetings in English and Gaelic. "*Deim' a tha thu an diugh?*" "*Tha gu math.*" "And how is the wife an' the bairns, John? An' is the wee laddie better that had the fever?" The collies effect their own doubtful reconnaissances in dog fashion, walking round each other with suspicious sniffs and jealous growls, finally quieted by an anathema from their masters or the thump of a stone on the ribs.

Then the work of the day begins. The sheep are caught in the folds and carried to the trestles, their legs tied if they prove restive. As a rule they lie on their backs peacefully enough, being quite helpless in that position. Each man has brought his own pair of clipping-shears, a strong instrument, with broad blades and sharp points, which recoils open in the hand with a steel spring. Sitting astride the narrow end of the trestle, he holds the sheep with his left hand and cuts close to the skin with his right, stripping the matted fleece off the animal in one broad unbroken sheet. There is great rivalry, of course, in the matter of clipping, and it is amazing with what speed and neatness most of the men get through their work. Notwithstanding that the wool is clipped close to the skin, hardly ever is a drop of blood drawn, and in these rare cases a touch of the tar-stick makes all right. When the work is fairly set agoing, the shepherd himself and an assistant are kept busy catching the sheep, examining them, and bringing them up to the trestles. A bit clipped out of the ear, sometimes a brand on the hoof, marks the ownership. This has to be looked to, sometimes a bit of horn threatening hurt has to be sawn off, and other little matters get attention. As each sheep is clipped and springs to its feet, the shepherd's boy, delighted with the occupation, stands ready with the owner's stamp and, dipping it in the tar-pot, claps it to the animal's side. Then the poor beast is let go, and, lightened of its covering, takes to the hill bewildered, an utter stranger for awhile even to its own lamb. Not a little touching is it to see the lamb run out from the flock at its mother's accustomed call, only to start back, unrecognising, from the thin white ghost that comes to meet it. And all day long, as the sheep are let go, the hillside echoes with these piteous bleatings.

All day long, too, bits of light chaff and quaintly turned hill gossip pass from mouth to mouth among the shearers, though hands and eyes are fully occupied; and when dinner-time comes, about twelve o'clock, and the steaming broth and mutton are brought out, it is Janet's turn to stand a little sly banter.

"I wad gie a crown, Janet, to ken wha gied ye that bit o' red ribbon at the fair."

"Never heed helpin' Angus there to mair broth, lassie. He does a' his feastin' wi' his een when he comes up here."

Janet, nevertheless, sometimes gives as good as she gets, in spite of her blushes, and many a hearty laugh rings out when her shafts hit home. For the oldest married man on the ground is himself something more than half in love with the blithe, bonnie lass.

And so the day wears on under the sunny blue sky; and at night, when the last sheep is off the trestles, there is steaming black tea in readiness, with abundance of scones and oatake and cheese to be disposed of, and, perhaps, to finish with, a *deoch an dorus* from the black bottle to keep out the cold evening air of the moors, as the neighbourly helpers separate to take their way homeward among the glens. G. E.-T.

The National Gallery will be the richer, and Longford Castle the poorer, by the permission which the Court of Appeal has given to Lord Radnor to sell the three gems of his collection—the Holbein "Ambassadors," the Velasquez portrait, and a second portrait ascribed to Guido and to Moroni, for £55,000.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON: HYDE PARK.

Hyde Park is "The Park," of course, in the estimation of fashionable society, though Regent's Park was designed, originally, for the privileged resort of the upper classes. These noble Crown properties, including also the Green Park, St. James's Park, and Kensington Gardens, have long been freely open to popular enjoyment. The extent of Hyde Park, bounded eastward by Park-lane, southward by Piccadilly and Knightsbridge-road, westward by Kensington Gardens, and northward by Oxford-street and Uxbridge-road, is 390 acres. It was formerly the Manor of Hyde, belonging to the ancient Abbey of Westminster. When that monastery was dissolved by Henry VIII., the King took this ground for a hunting-park: stags or deer were kept here in Elizabeth's reign. Its name has sometimes been erroneously ascribed to the fact that Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, the eminent Chancellor of Charles II., obtained a grant of land here for the building of his mansion, which he was obliged to give up. King Charles devoted the park to horse-racing, and laid out the drive called "the Ring." Under the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, a large piece of Hyde Park was taken for the garden of Kensington Palace. The artificial sheet of water, called the Serpentine, was formed by Queen Caroline, wife of George II., the water being that of the West Bourne, a stream descending from Hampstead, through St. John's Wood, to Bayswater. Queen Caroline, it is said, once asked Sir Robert Walpole what it would cost to enclose the whole of the three Royal parks for the exclusive use of the Court. The wise Minister answered, "Madam, it would cost you three crowns"—those of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Her Majesty thought no more of this design. Hyde Park was rather neglected till late in the reign of



COLLECTOR OF CHAIR MONEY, HYDE PARK.

George III.; duels were fought there, sometimes with a fatal result; and it was not very safe from robbers. Its modern improvements began under the Regency, and were continued by George IV. The handsome gateway from Piccadilly, at Hyde Park Corner, was erected in 1828, from designs by Burton; it is adorned with reliefs copied from the Elgin marbles. The grand Marble Arch, at Cumberland-gate, the entrance from Oxford-street, originally stood in front of Buckingham Palace, having cost £80,000; it was removed in 1850 to its present site.

The interior of Hyde Park, besides affording broad drives for carriages, and Rotten Row, the "Route du Roi," for riders on horseback, on the southern side, from Hyde Park-corner to Albert-gate and Kensington-gate, presents large grassy spaces of rising ground, and fine groups of trees. The Serpentine is available for boating, and early in the morning, or late on summer evenings, also for bathing and swimming; in winter, for skating. Its upper part, where it enters Kensington Gardens, is crossed by an elegant bridge, erected by Rennie in 1826. There are many flower-beds in summer, beautifully kept, near Hyde Park-corner and Park-lane. The colossal nude statue of Achilles, cast from the metal of French guns in honour of the Duke of Wellington's victories, and the statue of Lord Byron, were erected by public subscription. Apsley House, confronted by the Duke's equestrian statue, is just outside the park. As a place where a large body of troops can be reviewed, Hyde Park may often be useful for military purposes. It contains a powder-magazine, which is always strictly guarded. Of late years, indeed, since the memorable Reform Bill agitation of 1866, when the railings were broken down, there has been a disposition to hold open-air political meetings in this park. This is tolerated by the Government, and the only serious inconvenience seems to be in the street processions through London on the way to such meetings. There is certainly enough space in the park itself, away from the carriage-drives, for the largest popular assembly. Our sketches include those of the leaders of a "demonstration" passing in at Cumberland-gate and making for "the Reformers' Tree."

THE MARCH TO-MATABELELAND.

Some additional Sketches, following those which we published on July 19, are contributed by Mr. E. C. Daniels, of the Bechuanaland Border Police, forming part of the escort of the important expedition sent by the British South Africa Company into Matabeleland, to proceed thence eastward into Mashonaland, the country south of the river Zambesi. The latest news of this expedition, dated July 28, gives a satisfactory account of its progress. On June 25 it crossed the Macloutsie River, which divides the Bechuana Protectorate from Matabeleland; all then seemed peaceful, and Lobengula, the powerful King of the Matabele, a nation of kindred race with the Zulus, with an army of 30,000 trained warriors, had sent friendly messages, while the natives were bringing "mealies" and other grain into the camp for sale. The Governor of the Cape Colony, who is also High Commissioner of Bechuanaland for the Imperial Government, has given his consent to the expedition, commanded by Colonel Pennefather, advancing by a route which avoids all the Matabele "kraals," towns or villages, leaving them to the north and west, passing on to the peaceful occupation of Mashonaland, agreeably to the Company's arrangement with King Lobengula, who has recently sent two native envoys to Capetown. We trust, therefore, all the objects of the expedition will be attained without any conflict; and that the fears expressed in a private letter from the camp at Mutlaputa, written at the end of May—not by our own correspondent—will prove to have been entirely groundless. The Bechuanaland Border Police with this expedition muster six hundred armed and disciplined men, in addition to whom Colonel Pennefather has the pioneers, and the police force belonging to the British South Africa Company, making altogether nearly one thousand, with a few Maxim guns. The stores are conveyed by "trek" waggons, each with a team of sixteen or eighteen oxen. Our correspondent's sketches represent various incidents of the march and camp life.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

There is still a comparative lull in London music—that is, as regards the multiplicity of performances, which have been, during the past season, unparalleled in number, especially in the world of pianoforte-playing. During the interval between the decline of the summer season and the advent of that of autumn, however, excellent musical provision for resident Londoners and visitors is made by Mr. Freeman Thomas at his Promenade Concerts, which began at Covent-Garden Theatre on Aug. 9. The arrangements for these popular entertainments are on as extensive a scale as heretofore. A full orchestra, led by Mr. J. T. Carrodus, gives due effect to symphonies and overtures, and the accompaniments to solo pieces; singers of celebrity contribute vocal music of a classical and popular character; and eminent solo instrumentalists are heard in individual displays on their respective instruments. In pieces of a demonstrative character, the effects are enhanced by the co-operation of the fine band of the Coldstream Guards.

The opening concert, on Aug. 9, offered a programme attractive to tastes of all kinds. The first part included a brilliant performance of Rossini's overture to "Guillaume Tell," the solos by Mr. E. Howell, Mr. Radcliff, and Mr. Dubrucq; and, for the first time, an effective selection from Verdi's "Macbeth," arranged by Mr. Gwyllym Crowe, who also contributed two compositions of his own; a pleasing "Interlude" and a bright new waltz; another novelty at these concerts having been an unpretentious "Intermezzo" (for stringed instruments) by M. Gillet. In this part of the concert Madame Marie Roze sang the great soprano scena from "Der Freischütz" with fine dramatic feeling; other effective vocal performances having been contributed by Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. B. Foote—a special feature in this portion of the programme being Mr. Radcliff's skilful execution of a fantasia by Richardson. The remainder of the concert was of a similar attractive character. Mr. Gwyllym Crowe was, as heretofore, an able conductor. The very large attendance gave promise of a successful season.

Madame Patti recently gave a concert at Neath for the benefit of the poor of the neighbourhood and the Home for Convalescent Poor at Porthcawl. A sum of about £800 was realised.

Soon after the close of the Promenade Concert season, Covent-Garden Theatre will be reopened (on Oct. 18) for Royal Italian Opera performances, under the leadership of Signor Lago, who will be favourably remembered for his previous occupation of a similar position. There is a probability of Verdi's latest work, "Otello," being given, besides several interesting revivals, among them Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra," as revised by the composer. Works that are more familiar to the London public will also be included in the scheme, and there is a possibility of Madame Albani appearing as Desdemona. Signor Bevilacqua is, we believe, to be the conductor.

Madame Patey has recently started for Australia, to fulfil a series of engagements which will probably occupy her there for some months.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales is to be held at Bangor from September 2 to 5, most of the performers and the conductor—Dr. R. Rogers—being natives of the Principality. The competitions will, as usual, be of a varied character, and the prospects of the undertaking are highly favourable.

Very soon, the first of this year's provincial festivals will somewhat divert musical attention from the Metropolis. The three-choir celebration, held this year at Worcester (during the week beginning September 8), will be the first event of the kind during the present year. The prospectus promises, as the chief novelty, the production of a new dramatic oratorio, entitled "The Repentance of Nineveh," composed by Dr. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey. Of the arrangements for the Worcester Festival, as of those of subsequent similar celebrations, we must speak later on.

The appointment of Governor of Gibraltar, vacant by the resignation of Sir Arthur Hardinge, has been accepted by General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, at present Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, who is to be succeeded by the Duke of Connaught.

The class-list for the Cambridge University higher local examination has been published, together with supplementary tables showing the success and failure of each candidate. There were 811 candidates examined at the various centres. Consequent upon the examination, the following awards have been made: Lowman Memorial Prize, E. M. Wright, 79, Kyrwick-lane, Highgate, Birmingham (K. S. Block, East Moulsey, Surrey); No. 172, Cambridge (G. V. Naisb, Wilton, Salisbury); No. 297, Hampstead (M. A. Booty, 60, The Pantiles, Tunbridge-wells); No. 459, London (M. Beardsley, 32, Cambridge-street, Pimlico, S.W.); and No. 650, Manchester (A. Franco).

WITH
THE
B.B. POLICE
BEUCHANLAND



H. C. Seppings. Wright.

c. HEDSCHKE sc.

THE EARL OF JERSEY.

The newly appointed Governor of the colony of New South Wales, the Right Hon. the Earl of Jersey, is Victor Albert George Child Villiers, seventh Earl, who was born March 20, 1845, son of the late Earl, and of the Countess of Jersey, a daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel. His Lordship was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and succeeded to the Earldom in 1859. He was a Lord-in-Waiting at her Majesty's Court from 1875 to 1877, and is Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire and Vice-Chairman of Quarter Sessions; he has also been an officer of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and is a magistrate for both counties. He married, in 1872, a daughter of the second Lord Leigh. The titles of Earl of Jersey, Viscount and Baron Villiers, were created in 1697 in favour of Sir Edward Villiers, Lord Justice of Ireland and Ambassador to the States-General of Holland and to France, in the reign of William III.; and the Irish peerage of Grandison was also in the family since 1620, and was advanced to an Earldom in 1721.

The Portrait is from a photograph by B. Vuccino, of Bombay.

THE OLD PHYSIC GARDEN, CHELSEA.

The Royal Botanic Garden, as it is more properly called, lying west of Chelsea Hospital, towards Cheyne-walk, was presented by Sir Hans Sloane, the eminent physician, in 1721, to the Apothecaries' Company of London, with the direction that it should "at all times be continued as a Physic Garden, for the manifestation of the power and wisdom and goodness of God in creation, and that the apprentices might learn to distinguish good and useful plants from hurtful ones." A marble statue of Sir Hans Sloane, whose name is also commemorated in that of several of the best parts of Chelsea, is erected in the centre of the garden. He was a botanist and naturalist of considerable scientific attainments for that age, who visited the West Indies and wrote a book of descriptive travels, first introduced the use of bark as a medicine for fever, acquired some wealth by professional practice in London, was created a Baronet by King George I., was President of the Royal Society in 1727, and died in 1752, at the age of ninety-one. His library and collection of manuscripts were then bought for the British Museum at the price of £20,000. The Physic Garden had been formed, during many years, by his personal care; and its situation was, at the end of the seventeenth century, not unfavourable to horticulture, for Chelsea was then a village quite in the country, two miles out of London. Its founder enjoined on the Apothecaries' Company that they should continue to obtain specimens of new plants and herbs from all parts of the world, and should yearly present fifty new specimens to the Royal Society, up to the number of two thousand. We are not aware that this condition has been performed, but they have preserved the old garden, under the superintendence of a curator, and have maintained spacious greenhouses, a conservatory for



THE EARL OF JERSEY,
APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

tropical plants, collections of dried specimens, and a good library of botanical works. Sir Joseph Banks is said to have studied botany here, and to have afterwards presented the two fine cedars of Lebanon which adorn the garden. We should regret the destruction of this interesting memorial of antiquity; but a new Physic Garden, managed on the same principles, could advantageously be made somewhere out of town, and might still be useful for the purposes of science.

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

The city of Santiago, which is the capital of the Republic of Chile, has nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and is a pleasant town, with stately public buildings, and good houses for the wealthier families, situated on an elevated plain near the base of the Andes, ninety miles from the seaport of Valparaiso by railway. Its streets are broad, well paved, and clean; most of the houses, except those of a more ambitious and aristocratic class, are but one storey high, as a precaution in case of earthquakes, but are substantially built. The streets are lighted by gas at night, and are traversed by tramways and numerous hackney-carriages. Among the conspicuous edifices are the cathedral, the great church of La Campana, which was, in January 1864, the scene of a terrible disaster, from the outbreak of a fire and panic among the congregation, occasioning the death of hundreds of people; the President's Palace, Government offices, and Mint; the University, the Normal School, and the Museum. Santiago enjoys fine public promenades; the rocky hill called the Cerro Santa Lucia, commanding a grand view of the snow-covered mountains, is a favourite resort; and the Alameda, with a triple avenue of shady trees, half a mile long, with a stream flowing between them, fountains, pavilions, and seats, where people listen to the band of music, is still more popular. This is the scene represented in our Artist's Sketch, made when he visited Chile last year.

MANUFACTURES IN CALIFORNIA.

The British Consul at San Francisco, in his last annual report, says that manufacturing in California has always suffered from two causes, the first being the higher price of skilled labour as compared with the Eastern States. Of unskilled labour there is always a superabundance, owing to the number of Chinese as well as the peculiar floating population which has drifted out to the Pacific coast, and has to take employment at any price that offers. The second difficulty which manufacturers encounter is the high price of coal. The deposits of coal in the State may be said to be valueless, and barely worth the expense of transportation, hence all supplies are drawn from the State of Washington, British Columbia, England, or Australia. It is said that, to produce one-horse power, an average steam engine consumes 3 lb. of coal; and an engine of 200-horse power will cost nearly £6 a day more for fuel in California than in any of the Eastern manufacturing centres. It adds a good deal to the price of fuel to have to bring it from a distance of 1000 miles or more and pay freight for its carriage; thus the price of coal in New York is about one third of what it is in San Francisco. A few years ago there were twelve woollen mills in California, running seventy-six carding machines. At present only half that number are working, with a capacity of only twenty-eight carding machines. The principal mill on the coast, the pioneer of San Francisco, with thirty-seven sets of carding machines and about 700 employes, has been obliged to close.



THE OLD PHYSIC GARDEN, CHELSEA.



SKETCHES IN CHILE: SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN THE ALAMEDA, SANTIAGO.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"THE MIND'S CONSTRUCTION."

There is an oft-quoted remark of Shakespeare's that "there's no art to find the mind's construction in the face"; yet, despite this expression of proverbial and poetical wisdom, a very considerable number of persons at this present moment are given to believe the contrary opinion. Disciples of Lavater have multiplied like mushrooms in these latter days, and "Professors" of phrenology—that effete attempt to diagnose the mental faculties through the brain-case—of hypnotism, and of physiognomy are well-nigh as common in the land as were "leaves in Vallombrosa's shade." My daily newspaper contains announcements that Professor This or Madame That are prepared (for a pecuniary consideration in the shape of thirteen stamps) to "read the future"; while "a perfect horoscope" can be had for half a crown. Quite a Gilbertian flavour pervades some of the advertisements of the modern successors to Dr. Dee and his friends. The horoscope is decidedly cheap at the price, always provided one can make up one's mind to believe in the professor's powers of casting a nativity, or drawing out one's lucky pathway from among the stars. Stock Exchange speculators and racing men should find the professor's aid a necessity of life; but I fancy these knowing gentlemen prefer to consult their own inner consciousness as to laying odds on or against, and as to ascertaining the ways of fate for the small fee of thirteen stamps. An industrious lady-advertiser announces her ability "to advise on marriage and the selection of a suitable partner in life." Surely this department of the confidential business cannot pay the fair promoter. If there is one thing wherein even the very ordinary mind will please itself, it is assuredly in the choice of a husband or wife; but, of course, there may be some persons who feel they would be all the better of "a word in season" (even from a newspaper philanthropist) in deciding that momentous issue.

The face-readers are coming to the front among the phrenologists and hypnotists, and others of that ilk. A certain magazine lies before me which month by month delights its readers (mostly ladies, I presume) with delineations of character from photographs. Judging by the enthusiastic comments which occasionally appear in the pages of this periodical, Mr. Physiognomist must hit the mark sometimes in the course of his delineations. Of course, one never reads of his non-successes; but when "Mabel" writes that "your delineation is so true, and afforded us all much amusement"; or when "Fanny" informs Mr. Physiognomist that "my character has been most truly described, but you are too flattering, I think," one cannot help feeling grateful to the face-reader for affording these gushing persons an opportunity, not only of using italics in their correspondence, but of being assured that the high estimate they themselves have formed of their character is confirmed by a professional expert.

Is Shakespeare, however, right or wrong in his declaration that there is no art at all involved in the face-reader's practice? Is the "human face divine" a mirror of the mind, or is it not? To these questions, I fancy, Science will return a very guarded reply. Types of faces there are; and unconsciously one finds oneself, in looking at a stranger, classifying his face by the plain attempt to answer the question, "Whom is he like?" This is only another way of attempting to place the new face in a certain category or class of faces with which we are familiar in the case of our friends.

Beyond this stage of tracing resemblances, few of us travel in the direction of physiognomical study. Yet, of old, Lavater had his following, and to-day, as we have seen, the face-reader would give the Bard of Avon the lie direct. I doubt not, personally, that the face as the "dial of the mind" must reflect, to a certain extent at least, the mental constitution of its possessor. Mark, I guard myself, and weigh my words carefully, when I say "to a certain extent." That any person can pretend to write down an exact and accurate analysis of that complex thing a human character, by an inspection of the living face (far less a photograph, which may or may not present a true likeness of the individual), appears to me to be little short of a piece of quackery. An analysis of character is not possible save from a long and intimate acquaintance with the individual whose mental traits may be the subject of discussion. Do we know even *our intimates* thoroughly after years of association? Can we be sure of knowing the nooks and corners of any man's mind, let her be as closely related to us as may be possible by ties of blood? There is, too, such a thing as dissimulation in this world. I do not mean the hollow sham which plays its part so frequently in society at large, but that process whereby we exercise self-command, and repress the tendencies that make for unpleasantness in our lives. Education is such a repressor of our natural bent and inclination. We learn to conceal our thoughts, to mask our inclinations, and to modify our characters throughout. But for this wholesale process of tutoring ourselves into what is best for ourselves (there is a healthy selfishness involved in all moral reforms), and for our race, we should become veritable nuisances to one another.

If the reality of such an educational process be admitted, we need not go far in order to see that our characters may be modified far beyond the mere lineaments we have inherited. The face remains, expressing, perhaps, in a general sense the mental constitution, but beyond this wide declaration I do not think science will venture at present. We can study the expression of the emotions, according to Darwin, and watch the growth of intellect in the child. These are scientific observations, and form facts which reveal to us, among other things, how the play of muscle, as seen in the face and body at large, reflects the play of mind. This is legitimate science, but it is nothing save "science falsely so called" for the "Professors" of the newspaper advertising pages and of the magazine back pages, to assert their powers of delineating character—that complex unity—through or by the face. Every day one meets with illustrations which teach us how vague and erroneous may be the conclusions which even a "Professor" draws as to character from the physiognomy. I have seen a man of great intellectual culture, and of most admirable disposition, with the face of a ruffian; and everybody knows, conversely, that a convict's face may be anything but unpleasant. Our "Professors" are great on chins and eyebrows, on cheek-bones and jaws, on colour of hair and tint of eyes, while they even condescend to the skin and nails as illustrative of "disposition." The fact is, that practice will give us roughly a classification even of faces, but still more of dispositions (if we know them intimately), of sanguine temperaments, and of morose characters; of hopeful natures, and of cautious and deliberate traits; of generous open-hearted minds, and of mean and sordid ways. But these are generalities, when all is said and done. The "Professor" goes much further—and fares much worse, sometimes. He will even instruct us in the religion we should profess; he will suggest that we should be more hopeful or less impulsive, because our left eyebrow is of a special shape, or because our chin is not quite so rounded as it might be. This, and much more folly, we obtain in the "Professor's" delineation, and it is dear, indeed, at the price of thirteen stamps.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

MARTIN F. (Glasgow).—We know the problem very well, but at the moment cannot recall the name of the composer. We agree with you, it is a neat specimen of two-move strategy.

H. CHOW. —You may Castle under the circumstances you mention.

A. NEWMAN. —I write to Putnam and Son, King William-street, Charing-cross. I shall be out of the year.

F. H. —The threatened mate can be stopped in several ways. Suppose, for example, he play 1. B to K 4th.

M. BURKE. —The defence may be safely played, but the first player retains the advantage of the first move for some time.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD. —Very acceptable. You will not have long to wait for its appearance.

L. DESANGES, F. BUITRAGO, M. BURKE. —Received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2410 received from Dr. A. R. V. Sastry (Tumkur) and M. R. Thompson (Calcutta); of No. 2411 from T. N. S. (Chingleput); of No. 2412 from T. E. K. (Chingleput) and Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2413 from O. E. Perugini and John G. Grant; of No. 2414 from O. E. Perugini and P. Sparrow; of No. 2415 from Rev. Windell Cooper; C. E. Feruchini, M. Mallowdoff (Luxembourg); A. Gwiner, H. Bourmann (Berlin); Allen E. Dams (Horsham); Dr. Walz (Heidelberg); Torteliese, P. C. (Shrewsbury); J. S. Yeo, and W. Vincent.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2417 received from Hereward, R. H. Brooks, John G. Grant, Joseph T. Pullen (Launceston); F. Buitrago (Liverpool); W. R. B. (Plymouth); P. C. (Shrewsbury); E. E. H. W. R. Raille, Dawn, J. Coad, Clement Harris, Jupiter Junior, N. Harris, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine (Brighton); A. Newman, Martin F. (Glasgow); Rusticus, W. Wright, Shadforth, H. S. B. (Fairholme); Dr. Walz (Heidelberg); Bousquet (Luxembourg); A. W. Hamilton (Gell (Exeter); B. D. Knox, R. Worters (Canterbury); Pen, N. Wye, Howard A. J. Dixon, E. Casella (Paris); S. Parry (Tramere); Fr. Fernando (Dublin); A. Gwiner, Odham Club, Dr. F. St. O. M. A. B. T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); R. F. N. Banks, E. Louden, Columbus, Julia Short (Exeter); T. G. (Ware); W. David (Cardiff); D. McCoy (Galway); J. S. Yeo, Herbert Chown (Brighton); and L. Desanges (Schwabenach).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. HERWARD'S PROBLEM received from Martin F. Hereward, T. G. (Ware); R. H. Brooks, F. Buitrago, W. Wright, M. Burke, Dawn, J. Coad, F. Nicolls, and J. L. Drew.

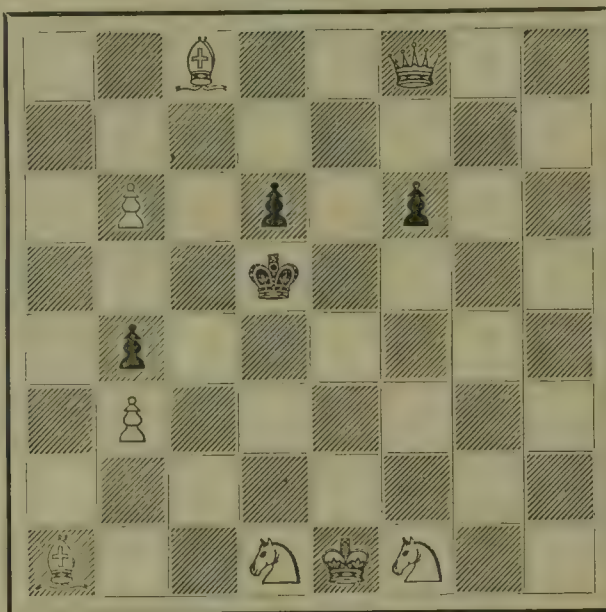
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2415.—By L. DESANGES.

WHITE.
1. R takes P
2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
3. R mates
If Black play, 1. Q to K 5th, then 2. Kt to Kt 6th (ch), and 3. R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2419.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in Simpson's Handicap between Messrs. GOSSIP and TINSLEY. (Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Kt takes Kt	Kt to Q 3rd
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
		17. B to K Kt 5th	B takes P (ch)
This move may be played, but we prefer Q takes P, and the game might have been continued as follows: 2. Kt to Q 3rd, Q to Q sq; 3. P to Q 4th, Kt to K B 3rd; 4. B to Q 3rd, &c.			
3. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	18. K takes B	Q to B 2nd (ch)
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	19. K to Kt sq	Kt takes P
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	20. B to Q 6th	Q to Kt sq
6. Castles	P to K 3rd	21. Q to K 6th (ch)	R to B sq
7. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	22. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to R sq
8. P to B 4th	Castles	23. B to K 7th	K R to K sq
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K sq	24. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd
10. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th	25. Kt to B 7th (ch)	K to R 2nd
11. Q to R 4th	B takes B	26. Kt to Q 6th	Kt takes Kt
12. Kt takes B	P to B sq	27. R takes Kt	Q to B 2nd
13. P takes P	P to Q R 3rd	28. Q to K B 5th (ch)	K to R sq
		29. R takes P (ch)	
This loses another Pawn, but he has, seemingly, no more promising resource.			
14. P takes P (ch)	R takes P	30. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
15. R to Q sq		31. Q to Kt 6th (ch), and Black resigns.	
All this is extremely well played.			

The subjoined hitherto unpublished game was played at the Divan, between Messrs. LEE and POLLOCK. (French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. P takes P	Q takes Q
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	Playing White's game.	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	16. R P takes Q	Kt to K 2nd
5. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	17. Kt to Q 4th	Kt takes B
6. B takes B	Q takes B	18. R takes Kt	Q R to Kt sq
7. P to B 4th	P to R 3rd	19. Q R to R 3rd	R to Kt 2nd
		20. Kt to Q sq	Kt to Kt sq
Cannot advance Q B P without this precaution, on account of Kt to Kt 5th.			
8. Q to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	21. Kt to K 3rd	P to K R 4th
9. Castles	P to Q B 4th		
10. P takes P		Hoping, apparently, that White would continue P to K Kt 4th.	
Otherwise Black could counteract his rather backward development by blocking White's pieces with P to Q B 5th.			
11. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Q B P	22. P tks P (en pass)	Q R to R 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. Kt to Kt 4th	P to B 4th
13. P to K R 4th	B to Q 2nd		
14. K to Kt sq	Castles (Q R)	Plausible, but not deep enough.	
15. Q to Kt 5th	K to Kt sq	24. P tks P (en pass)	P to K 4th
		25. P to B 7th	R takes B P
A good and somewhat unexpected line of play.			
16. Kt to K 5th		26. Kt takes P	R takes B P
		27. Kt takes B (ch)	K to B sq
		28. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		29. Kt to K 6th	R to K 5th
		30. Kt to Kt 5th, and Black resigns.	

In the City of London Chess Club the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell will play twenty members simultaneously, on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Preparations for the next winter tournament have already been commenced, and the list of competitors is now rapidly filling up. Captain Mackenzie has arrived in London from America, and was in the City Club on Aug. 6. He is looking better than when he was here last year, but is hardly well yet. He will play in the Manchester Tournament.

In connection with the visit of University students to Oxford, Professor Patrick Geddes, of University College, Dundee, lectured on Aug. 9 to a crowded audience, at the Examination Schools, on "Some Problems of Evolution." On Sunday morning, the 10th, a special service was held in the Cathedral, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. Gore, Principal of Pusey House. In the afternoon a sermon was preached in Mansfield (Nonconformist) College by Dr. Mackennal, of Bowden, Cheshire; and in the evening Dr. Talbot, Vicar of Leeds, and late Warden of Keble College, preached a special sermon at the University church.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among the recent productions issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co. is an "Album of Six Songs," composed by Mary Carmichael. This lady has for some time been favourably known as an accomplished musician, both as a pianist and a composer of vocal and instrumental pieces. The songs now referred to are settings of words by Alfred P. Graves, who has produced some lyrics that lend themselves readily to musical association. In the realisation of this, Miss Carmichael has been very successful. In some instances there is a vein of genuine sentimental expression, as in No. 1 ("Love's Wishes"); while in others, as in No. 3 ("The Limerick Lassie") and No. 4 ("Jack the Jolly Ploughboy"), there is much characteristic humour. Each number, in fact, has a distinctive character and a pleasant strain of melody that makes no great demand on executive skill, and is allied to a pianoforte accompaniment far superior to the general standard of that feature. "What am I, Love, without thee?" (also issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co.) is a song, the words by F. E. Weatherly, the music by Stephen Adams—two names well known in many instances of similar successful association. The song now referred to is worthy the combination just specified; it is flowing and tuneful, and not difficult in its vocal portion, which is supported by an effective accompaniment. Another vocal piece from the same publishers, and by the same composer, is "Genevieve," a very effective song in the sentimental style, that will especially suit a voice possessing good lower notes. From Messrs. Boosey and Co. we also have No. 1 of "Songs from Shakespeare" (for two voices). This is a setting of "Who is Sylvia?" as evening music, in canon for two equal voices, composed by Ilco Marzials. The two voices are alternated and combined in some flowing melodic passages, the canonical responsive imitations being carried on without effort or apparent formalism. It is, indeed, a very pleasing duet. The same composer and publishers have produced a ballad entitled "Where's Hugo?" in which some lines by Robert Brough—narrating a case of unfounded and disproved jealousy—are set in genuine ballad style. "Six Drawing-room Ditties," the words and music by Chanticleer, are also published by Messrs. Boosey and Co. Both words and music are full of bright vivacity—a contrast to the general tone being offered by Sambo's song, "Susannah." The pieces abound in lively tunefulness.

The "Red Album" of Messrs. Metzler and Co. keeps up its interest in the supply of vocal and instrumental pieces, published in full music size, in shilling parts. One recently issued (No. 10) contains eight sacred songs for a soprano voice, selected almost entirely from Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. The *American Organ Journal* is another serial, issued by Messrs. Metzler and Co., and edited by Mr. J. M. Coward. A recent number (14) contains effective arrangements from classical masters, that will be found serviceable to performers on the instrument for which the selection is intended. From the same firm we have several settings, by Mr. A. Cellier, of lines by Lord Tennyson. The titles of the songs are: "Far, Far Away," "The Brook," "Cradle Song," "The Throstle," and "The Miller's Daughter." All are distinguished by that pleasing flow of melody, of a thoroughly vocal character, for which Mr. Cellier's compositions are always notable. The portion assigned to the singer is never commonplace, and is such as must be acceptable to any cultivated vocalist, whose executive powers are nowhere heavily taxed. The same publishers have issued an edition of the quaint old French song "Le Portrait," with a modernised pianoforte accompaniment by A. L.; "Britain's Defence," a patriotic song, from the cantata "The Fishers," composed by J. M. Coward, who has produced some spirit-stirring strains full of bold and impressive phrases; another song of the declamatory kind (from the same publishers) being "On! Stanley, on!" by W. Slaughter—a piece that is capable of proving very effective, if forcibly delivered.

Three sets of vocal pieces recently issued by Mr. J. Williams, of Berners-street, have much interest. "Six Romances et Deux Duos," by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, are settings of words from various sources, some being by Victor Hugo. All are given with French and English text. The music is, in each case, full of grace and expression; and the pianoforte accompaniments are far superior to the ordinary style of those accessories. Another number of the series referred to is a "Song-Cycle of Life and Love," by G. W. Marshall-Hall. The words are from various sources—some, apparently, by the composer, whose music is generally interesting, and entirely free from commonplace. In some instances his tendency towards extreme harmonic progressions is, perhaps, a little excessive; but this is preferable to the conventionalism of much of the song-music of the day. The third of the series now referred to consists of six songs by Ernest Walker, who has taken his words from Shakespeare and Uhland. Here, as in the pieces last referred to, is a commendable avoidance of stereotyped commonplace, together with a few instances of strained harmonic dissonances that might easily be avoided with improved effect. Mr. Williams has also published a set of dance pieces for the pianoforte, entitled "Craigiana," composed by R. H. Bellairs. There are six pieces, in various dance forms, chiefly modern; with one in the older style of the obsolete "Gavotte." They are all spirited in rhythm and melodious in character, and will suit young pianists even without application to dance purposes.

"Twenty-four Easy and Melodious Studies for the Pianoforte." By A. Loeschhorn.—These pieces (issued by Mr. E. Ashdown, of Hanover-square) will be found highly serviceable for teaching purposes. They prove the productiveness of their composer, being classed as his Opus 190; and they also bear witness to his power of infusing musical interest into exercises that are comparatively simple, and yet are calculated to improve the mechanical skill and the taste of young students. They are pleasing and varied in style.

Messrs. Duff and Stewart have lately issued some attractive drawing-room pianoforte music, among which are Ascher's "Les Gouttes d'Eau" (a very brilliant "Caprice Etude")—Chopin's "Polonaise" in A flat (op. 53)—Franz Schubert's "Scherzo" in B flat and his "Menuet" in B minor—Henselt's charming "Wiegenlied"—and a "Toccata" in A, by Paradies, an exquisite specimen of an older school. All these publications should be welcome to pianists of refined taste.

Mr. Abel Thomas, Liberal, has been returned to Parliament, unopposed, for East Carmarthen, in the room of the late Mr. Pugh.

Corporal Elkington, who has won the shooting championship of the London Rifle Brigade, the premier corps of the City, had achieved the same distinction on two previous occasions—in the years 1883 and 1887.

There was a good breeze on Aug. 8 for the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes. Mr. J. Steytler's Erycina won the first prize in a handicap for all yachts of not less than thirty tons, and the second prize went to Mr. Popham's Amphitrite. Mr. Towers's Velzie won first prize in a match for yachts of twenty-rating, Captain the Hon. V. Montague's Siola taking the second prize.

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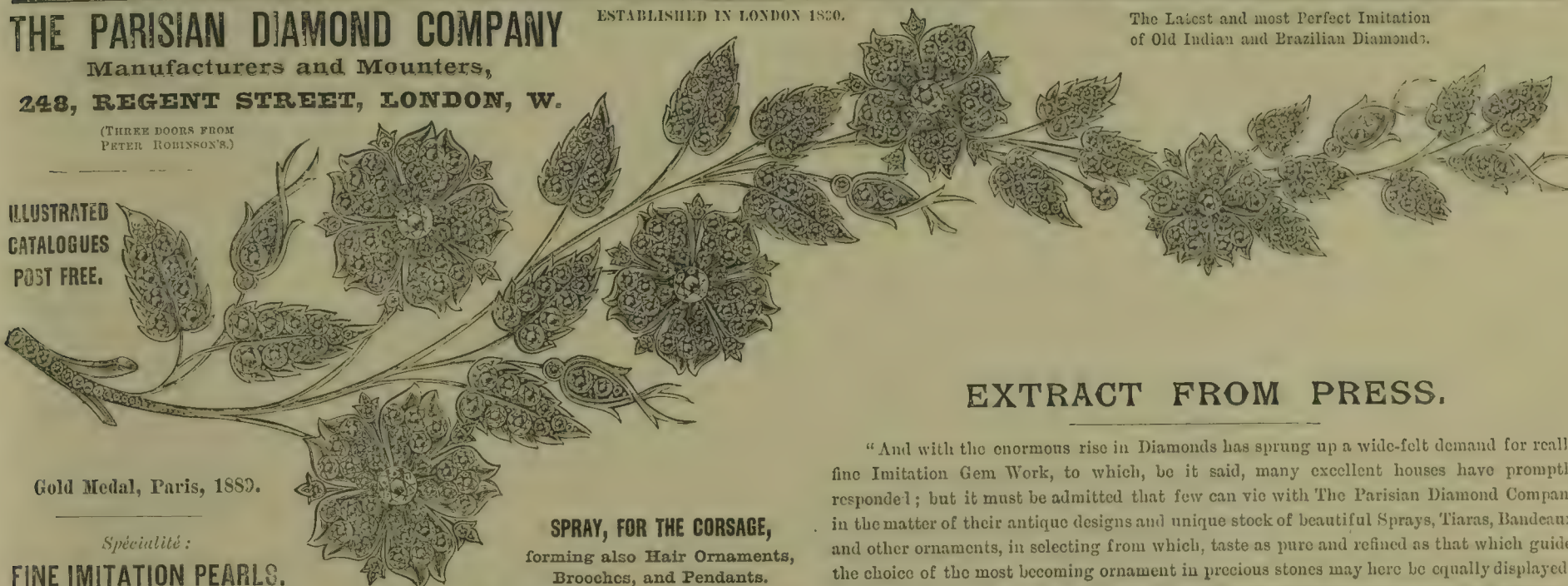
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TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN.**

WAR!

O world!
O men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate?—BYRON.

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BUT IT IS TRUE!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND AND THE MISERY ENTAILED THAT THESE FIGURES REVEAL? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death?—to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the breadwinners of families.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD!

ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM"!

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

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No waste of this elixir make;

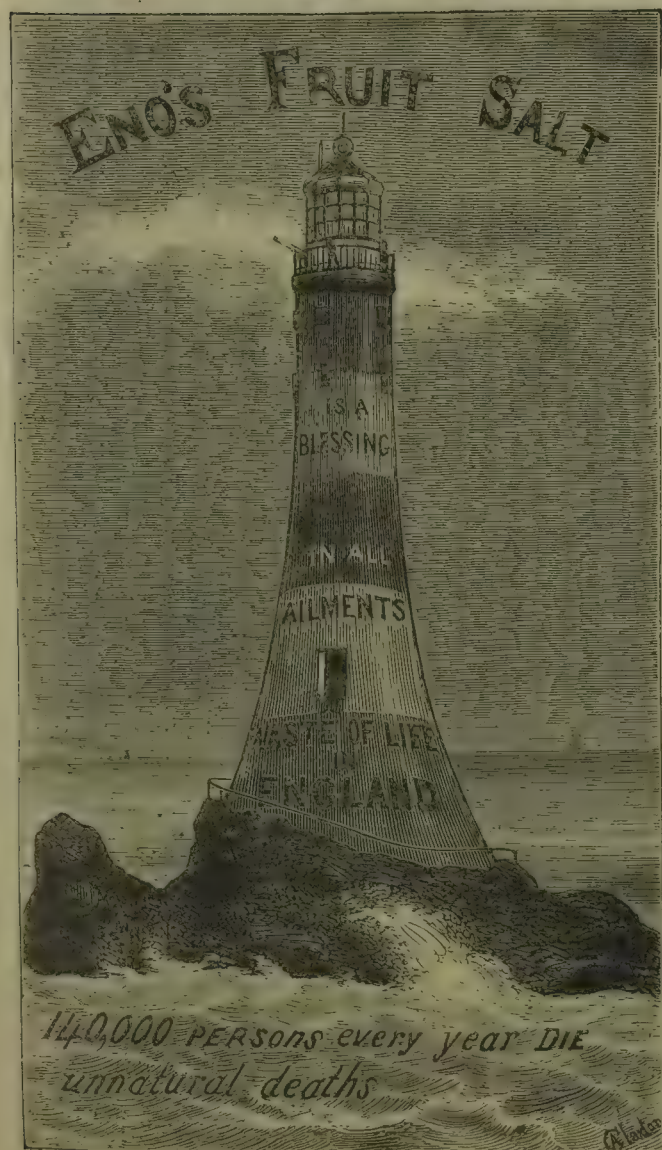
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup,
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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AN IDLE QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

Those excellent people who devote themselves to the task of training the young mind in the way (they think) it ought to go, and write beautiful homilies on the loveliness of knowledge and the value of time, adorned with all the moral platitudes of the last two or three thousand years, are much given to insist on the (fancied) necessity of "utilising every minute." They quote that very foolish saying of Arnauld, who, when advised to take a little rest, exclaimed: "Rest? Why, there's Eternity to rest in!" and thereby assumed an intimate knowledge of the future which it is certain he did not possess. They refer with exultation to the example of the Chancellor Daguesseau, who made use of the daily quarter of an hour which his wife kept him waiting for dinner, to write, in scraps, a ponderous historical work. They tell you of somebody who mastered a language (and, I should surmise, hacked his chin unmercifully) while shaving. Then there was Dr. Darwin, who wrote his poems in his carriage during the quarters of an hour spent in going from one patient's house to another; and Madame De Genlis, who composed some of her fictions while tarrying for the Princess to whom she acted as instructress—both of whom have been rightly punished for so doing, since nobody, nowadays, reads them; and Kirke White, who learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office—and died, over-spent and consumptive, at one- or two-and-twenty. But I refuse to admire these examples of economy of time. Rather would I take them as danger-signals, warning me not to venture where deep pools await the unlucky swimmer. I will not believe that our odd quarters of an hour—our "leisure moments"—are to be sacrificed to the demon of self-help or the evil spirit of perseverance. They are too precious to be wasted (excuse the paradox) in being made use of.

To read some of our self-appointed teachers, one would suppose that there are, or should be, no other aims in life than to learn Greek, like Kirke White, or master eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two European dialects, like Elihu Burritt, or write bad poetry, like Dr. Erasmus Darwin; and that there are, or should be, no other uses of time than to be "acquiring knowledge," improving one's unfortunate mind, doing something or other which will help one to get on in the world. Melancthon, we are told, noted down the time lost by him every day, that he might reanimate his industry by glancing at the statistical record, and study with increased assiduity. Unhappy Melancthon! He can never have known the luxury of being idle! He can never have enjoyed the intellectual, moral, and physical advantages summed up in a wasted quarter of an hour—wasted, that is, from the point of view of the moral essayist—of the Teacher (with a capital T)—of the utilitarian philosopher, who is the determined enemy of all the liberal graces and fine adornments of life; but, in the opinion of everybody who holds a saner and broader creed, wisely and felicitously expended—turned, as the saying is, to the best account.

To a generation absorbed, like the present, in the indefatigable quest of amusement, or gain, or notoriety—a generation so uncomfortably restless, and rapaciously eager for new excitements, it is surely unnecessary to preach a gospel of activity, or to pretend that happiness consists in the perpetual movement of the treadmill. What one should urge upon the men and women of to-day, who live in this constant worry—whose existence is one long spasm of unnatural effort—is, the wholesomeness of an occasional idle quarter of an hour. Let them devote their "hours," if they will, to the service of Toil

or the slavery of Pleasure; but let them give their "quarters" to Repose. Let them learn—'tis a more difficult lesson than they suppose—how to do nothing. Observe, I say, how to do nothing—that is, how to refrain from undue activity of mind or body; for, of course, they will not cease to do, and, being, they must dream or think; but thinking or dreaming is just the antipodes of action—the reverse of energy—the very opposite of those frivolous pursuits which engage so much of men's attention and consume so much of their time. I have known misguided individuals who have made a boast of their indecent diligence; have looked one in the face, unabashed and unblushing, while confessing that they have never had a quarter of an hour to spare! The Russian proverb says of the man who lacks the faculty of observation that he goes through the forest and sees no firewood: in like manner, the "slave of Mammon" or the "votary of Circe" goes through life, and never tastes the joy of living. In the din of the world's workshop and the clamour of suffering or striving humanity he hears no strain of the music of nature, he catches no glimpse of its beauty. All is to him as if it were not; for him the stars have no meaning, the lark's song is without a memory or a hope, and the ripple of the stream carries to his ear no strain of Lorelei or water-nymph.

For, to hold communion with Nature, you must set apart your idle quarters of an hour. You can get nothing out of her on a Bank Holiday, when thousands are intruding on her privacy and trespassing on her sacred shades. When Numa visited the cave of Egeria, he went alone. He knew that her sacred utterances would be lost if thousands picked up their ears to catch them. And in this way men who seek to familiarise themselves with the grace and loveliness of Nature will seek her in the silence and the solitude, and consecrate their quarters of an hour to a sympathetic study of her different aspects. Then they will find, I think, that she has something to say to each of them, by way of warning, or of consolation, or of encouragement. It will not go amiss, if they be content with simply sunning themselves in her sweet and tender beauty—in the young greenness of her spring, in the splendour of her midsummer pomp, in the rich colours of her autumn—never troubling to penetrate "beneath the surface." They are to be envied, perhaps, who hear (as in Müller's pretty ballad) "the roundelay of the water-spirit" in the "murmur of the brook"; but I will not call him unfortunate who hears only the movement of the mill-wheel. I can take pleasure in the rose-bloom on the hedges of June, in the green world of the woodland, in the silver track of the moonlight across the hushed sea, in the lark's morning music as, soaring, it sings, and, singing, soars to the gate of heaven, without troubling myself about their esoteric significance. I can enjoy the sunshine, thank Heaven! without bothering myself about the "spectrum analysis."

"Oh, how fine a thing is life!" exclaimed Charles James Fox, luxuriating in the joy of a fragrant April morning, with "a sweet westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms just budding, and the nightingales just beginning to sing." Yes: that is one good result you will derive, as I have already hinted, from your idle quarters of an hour; you will learn how fair a thing life is, and, having learnt this, you will know better how to live and what to live for. And you will learn also how to dream—how to fill the mind with airy and graceful fancies, and, by so doing, how to separate it, as it were, from the daily toil and moil of a sordid world. Said Rogers to Fox, one sunny day, "Ah, how sweet it is to lie on the grass all day long, with a book in one's hands!" "Yes," murmured the statesman, "but why with a book?" Why

not resign yourself to the blue of the skies, and the rustle of the leaves, and the scent of the flowers? Why not muse and meditate, and meditate and muse, until thought glides unconsciously into dream, and reflection melts into reverie? In these idle "quarters" there must be no sweat of the brain, no obstinate self-questionings, no process of introspection or mental criticism. No; give the reins to Fancy, and let that high-mettled steed take you where it will—into flowery valleys, haunted by the elder gods; into leafy recesses, where Oberon and Titania hold their fairy court; or even to the gates of the Golden City, above which rise the tops of its shining towers—shining with the light that never was on land or sea. So shall you know the pleasure and profit of an Idle Quarter of an Hour.

W. H. D.-A.

TRANSFER OF HELIGOLAND.

The transfer of Heligoland to the German authorities took place on Aug. 9 with much ceremony. Governor Barkly and the English officials went in procession to the pier, where the arrival of the German Secretary of State, Herr Von Bötticher, was delayed by the condition of the tide requiring the German ships to go round the island. On the arrival of the Minister and the new officials they were conducted to Government House, where Mr. Barkly transferred his authority to Herr Von Bötticher, who said he received it on behalf of the Emperor, and believed that the islanders would be as happy and prosperous under the new circumstances as they had been under Queen Victoria. There were the usual salutes of the respective flags, and the English Governor and officers were entertained at luncheon.

The German Emperor, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia, arrived at Heligoland shortly after noon on Sunday, the 10th, when the weather was fine. Divine service was performed on the Lighthouse Hill, in the presence of 3000 sailors, and a large number of visitors. The reading of his Majesty's proclamation was received with loud cheering.

The Queen has replied, through Lord Knutsford, to the address which was presented by the inhabitants of Heligoland. In this reply, which has been placarded in the island, her Majesty recognises the loyalty of the Heligolanders, and sincerely wishes them a continuance of prosperity and contentment, feeling assured that the German Emperor will do all in his power to promote their welfare.

Sir James Nicholas Douglas, engineer-in-chief to the Corporation of the Trinity House, distributed on Aug. 9 the certificates in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering. The examiners for the term were Mr. A. R. Sennett and Mr. S. H. Cox. Their report was in a high degree satisfactory, and both gentlemen also bore verbal testimony to the beneficial outcome of the instruction that had been afforded, and to the great advantage such a basis of elementary education was to an engineer.

At the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, on Aug. 9, the Valkyrie took first prize and the Yarana second, in the match for yachts exceeding 40-rating. There was also good racing at the regatta of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthians: in the first race, for yachts under 60-rating, Mr. W. B. Paget's Foxglove won the first prize, and Mr. Oscar R. Dibb's Neptune the second. In the handicap for yachts of sixty and upwards, Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. MacGregor's Amphitrite took first, and Mr. B. C. West's Wanderer second prize.

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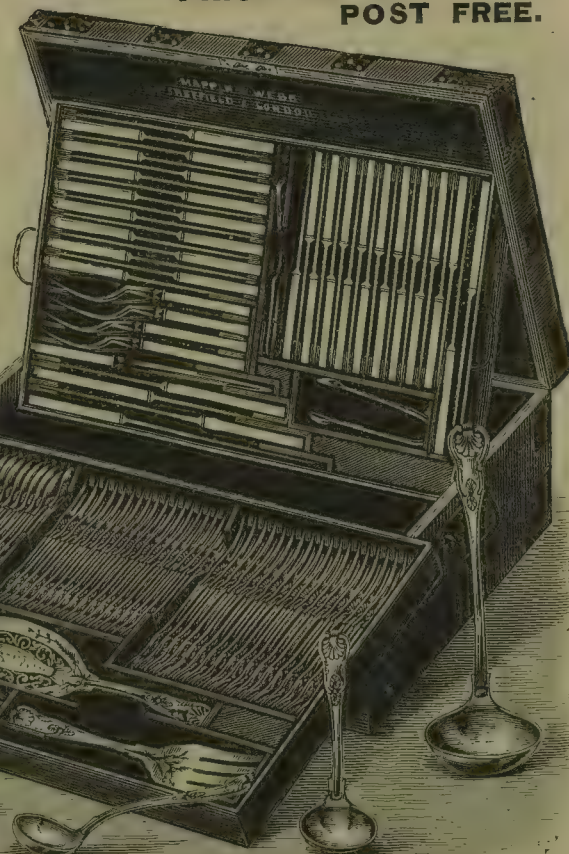
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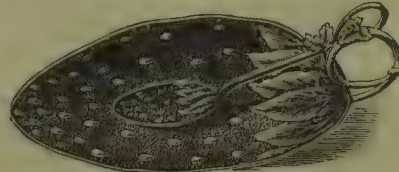
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Anthropologists tell us that we are all descended from wandering nations, and some of us still feel that nomad tendency, though it is a good many centuries since the forefathers of civilised English people were savages travelling aimlessly from place to place, forsaking a hunting-ground as soon as they had exhausted its game, and continually seeking fresh woods and pastures new. The limpet-like dispositions perhaps have the best of it, for their natures are in harmony with their circumstances—that main source of happiness. But most of the nomads, and especially such as are of my sex, have to spend their lives in curbing and controlling their wandering tendencies. There are so many things to anchor them to one place; and only Queen's messengers, sailors, and commercial "gents" can put everything else aside by means of the plea that they travel on business.

Children are the most weighty anchor to us women—the one which we are least able to drag. Many women never get a respite from their maternal charge from one year's end to another. Nobody seems to realise that housekeeping and looking after children combined make a most fatiguing business, from which relief now and again is as much needed as from any other regular occupation. Such, however, is the fact; and a brief rest would often help through the whole year a mother's nerves and temper to a degree that she herself hardly suspects. A rest for the mistress of a house could often be managed, if only it were recognised that there is a desirability of such a holiday for the one person who never gets a holiday—"Mother," to whom the seaside exodus only means keeping on at her ordinary work of dinner-providing, servant-managing, stocking-mending, and child-tending; the simple difference being that she has to do it all in the strange place under more troublesome conditions than she does the same work in her own house all the year round.

Nobody knows who has not tried it how distracting and wearing the duties of a house-mother are. It is a succession of little worries, petty decisions, minute arrangements and anxieties, and annoyances about trifles. It is like the labour of Sisyphus, in that the moment the stone of one day's affairs reaches the top of the hill it rolls back, and the same duties have to be all recommenced the next day. What a rest it is for a woman who has ordered dinner every morning for three hundred and thirty days past to have a month in which she does not know what there will be for dinner till she sits down at table, and then has not to be responsible if the sauce be smoked or the pie burned! Many a mother, even if the chance of such a holiday alone with her husband or with some friends were offered her, would, I know, say that she would have no satisfaction in going without her children; but, if she can leave them with some trustworthy care and oversight, there is no sense in the feeling that she should not leave them. They will value her the more when they get her back, and she will do her duties with all the better heart and spirit.

Go abroad by all means, I would say to anybody who asked my advice, and who had the means to leave England. The change is so complete. It is conventionally the right thing now to declare that English people could have as much variety and interest in their own land as they get abroad, would they only search for it. But this is not really the case. Mont Blanc is not more different from Snowdon than is the mental and moral effect of a holiday in and out of one's familiar surroundings. In an excellent little magazine, called the *Parent's Review*, published by Messrs. Allen and Co., Miss Charlotte

Mason, the editor, suggests that "all the stimulus of foreign travel" can be got out of travelling through an English county, finding out all about it—the history connected with it, the great men who have lived within its borders, the old buildings, the flora, the geology, and so on. She would travel from one small country town to another, resting in each a few days—"lodgings for a family can be obtained easily in towns where visitors are few and far between"—and making excursions in the neighbourhood. "Each centre will probably afford a dozen walks and excursions of extreme interest, while the cost of the little transits is more than saved, because the rates of lodging and living in unfrequented country towns are far less than in the ordinary watering-places."

Well, for a very active, healthy family, indifferent to dinner and containing in their own circle the elements of amusement for dark evenings and wet days, this may be an amusing scheme. But I cannot be persuaded that to go forth searching elaborately like this for change and mental diversion can be equivalent to finding it spontaneously and freshly in a foreign land. There all is novel. Even to talk the unfamiliar language in the commonest affairs of shopping or going about is an interest; and all around—buildings, scenery, faces, dress, manners, customs, food, and everything—is different from what one has in everyday life. I recall once being detained in a tiny Swiss village for several days by the indisposition of one of the party. We thought it would be dull, but it was not so a bit. It is true that we had the same meat, too tough to be eaten, and stewed in a detestable sauce, served up at dinner for three days in succession; that the bread was sour; and that there was no fruit and even no honey to be had. But the amusement was so great that we bore starvation quietly. When we rose in the morning and looked out on the glorious Breithorn and the more distant Matterhorn closing in a long vista of peaks, over hills clad with tall pines, we enjoyed the novel beauty. It was an amusement to see the inn cow come down by herself from the mountain with clock-work regularity, bringing a goat behind her, and the kids following their mother in solemn procession. The curiously built wooden houses, tucked in all sorts of strange corners, and the funny little village shops, and the woods that were full of strange and brilliant wild-flowers, and that were not adorned (as most woods are in England) with notice boards forbidding "trespass"; and the stream that tumbled over a series of little waterfalls and turned a great saw-mill; and the peasant women, who all interrupted their devotions in the church to get up to curtsy to us; and the lovers in picturesque costume who used to wander along the lane in the evening with their arms round each other, unabashed by the stout father who rolled along behind them, well in view, but just out of earshot—how droll, how interesting, how diverting was all and everything! In an English village we should have been simply bored under like conditions. However, "when you cannot have what you like, you must like what you have." So, for growing families who cannot go abroad, and for mothers who cannot leave their children, Miss Mason's idea may be worth trying.

Mrs. Black, the benevolent foundress of the Cottage Hospital for Ulcers at Southampton, has republished from "Nursing Notes" a little leaflet on the treatment applied with remarkable success to ulcers in the hospital under her direction. Mrs. Black founded her hospital in 1872, with the one object of treating—in concert with regular physicians—those chronic cases of "sore leg" and other painful and weakening ulcers that are so commonly met with by visitors among the poor. She was persuaded, from her success in an old-standing case

which she had been led to treat, that patient and proper dressing would cure a large proportion of those distressing sufferings that are allowed to go on for years for want of proper care. Her faith has been justified. This benevolent lady herself frequently visits and with her own hands dresses numerous cases at her hospital. Her spirit is always there; and such success (as testified by many medical men) is there attained in curing cases that had long been held incurable, that it is simple truth to say that Mrs. Black has restored hundreds of men and women to life and usefulness. There are no in-patients. The sufferer simply goes at a fixed time, the wound is properly cared for, "and then we send the patient to his work, bidding him not to think of the ulcer, or to touch it, till he appears on the morrow." Patients come from many parts of the country when they have kind friends who will pay for their board and lodging; but Mrs. Black finds it difficult enough to support the necessary nurses, rent and other expenses, on the subscriptions that her quiet unassuming appeals gain. Her address is 5, Hazlitt-road, Kensington; and every district nurse and manager of nursing charities should send two stamps to her for a copy of her practical little paper on the dressings and methods by which such good results are obtained.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The list of subscribers to the restoration of Cloughton Church, near Scarborough, includes the name of the Queen, who has given £200.

According to the Board of Trade returns for July, the imports were £2,820,889 less than in the corresponding month of last year, and the exports £2,196,830 more.

Mr. James McGregor, a London shipowner, has erected a bronze protecting-rail to enclose the grave of "Rob Roy" MacGregor, who was buried in the kirkyard at Balquhider, Perthshire, over 150 years ago.

Mr. Henry Irving is giving Miss Orczy some sittings for a portrait of himself in the character of the Vicar of Wakefield, Miss Orczy having been commissioned to paint the same by the committee of the International Dramatic Exhibition shortly to be opened at Budapesth.

The Law Courts closed for the Long Vacation on Aug. 12, and will not resume until Oct. 24. During the interval a Judge will sit in open court every Wednesday to dispose of Chancery vacation business, and be in attendance at Queen's Bench Chambers every Tuesday and Thursday, to deal with matters of a pressing nature arising in that division.

A memorial to the late Prince Imperial has been placed in the Catholic Church, Chislehurst, where his remains rested before their removal to the mausoleum at Farnborough. The memorial, which consists of a canopied wall tomb designed in fifteenth-century Gothic, occupies a site at the western end of the north wall, and is mainly constructed of Caen stone.

In the Berlin Law Courts a person has been proceeded against for stealing roses from a grave. The accused produced in court a copy of the inscription on the tablet over the grave, which runs as follows: "Traveller, pause a moment at this spot, and pluck a rose in remembrance of what I was." The defendant, on the strength of this, contended that he was acting simply in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased; but the Judge thought otherwise. The inscription on the tablet stated plainly that the traveller was to pluck a rose. There was no mention in the legend that he should pluck a handful of roses from the bower, as he had done. So the Judge pronounced the defendant guilty.

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**THE NEW SHOW ROOMS for RED and
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Entrance and Vestibule, are NOW OPEN, and will be found
most convenient, as they afford far greater space for the
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TRIMMED BED LINENS.
SHEETS, PILLOW-CASES, and PILLOW-SHAMS,
frilled and trimmed with embroidery and lace. A very large
and choice assortment ready for use always on show; also a
most charming variety of embroideries with which linens of
any selected quality can be trimmed.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS.
HUCKABACK and TURKISH TOWELS and TOWEL-
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hold Linens, as Tea and Glass Cloths, Kitchen and Stable
linens, Dusters, Roller Towelings, all at revised prices,
consequent upon recent special and very favourable purchases.

**Sheetings.
Sheetings.
Sheetings.**

SHEETINGS.
MAPLE and CO.'s Stock of pure-finish and hand-made
Irish, Scotch, and Burnside LINEN SHEETINGS, as well as
plain and twilled COTTON SHEETINGS, is now completely
assorted, and prices are ruling unusually low. Housekeepers
would therefore do well to replenish their stores. Patterns
free. A special quality Cotton Sheets, very strong, at 6s. 8d.
per pair. Ready made.

LINENS.—A Complete Set for £8 13s. 9d.,
consisting of Blankets, Quilts, Table Linen, Sheets, &c.,
suitable for a house of eight rooms.—MAPLE and CO., London.

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suitable for a house of ten rooms. See special Linen
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LINENS.—A Complete Set suitable for a
house of fourteen to sixteen rooms at from £40 to £60.

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**Table Linens.
Table Linens.
Table Linens.**

TABLE LINENS.—MAPLE and CO. having
bought for cash, on most exceptional terms, an immense
assortment of pure hand-made, soft-finish CLOTHS and
NAPKINS, they are now offering the same at a very large
percentage under value.

TABLE LINENS.—In the purchase are a
number of CLOTHS, in both medium and large sizes, of
altogether exceptional quality; in fact, some of the finest and
most beautiful productions of the Irish looms. These are
suitable for best use and special occasions, and should certainly
be seen. The prices will be found but a little more than usually
asked for goods of ordinary character.

TABLE LINENS.—Included in the purchase
will also be found a large variety of both CLOTHS and
NAPKINS suitable for use in Hotels, Clubs, Boarding-Houses,
&c., and proprietors contemplating renewing these items
should certainly make an early inspection or write for
samples or quotations. A great saving may be effected by
purchasing at once.

TABLE LINENS.—The Parcels also include
some hundreds of dozens of DAMASK NAPKINS, as
follows: Fish Napkins, from 2s. 2d. per dozen; Breakfast
ditto, from 4s. 6d. per dozen; Dinner Napkins, all fine flax,
from 6s. 10d. per dozen; extra large French size, 9s. 11d. per
dozen. These goods will be found of remarkably good value,
and are sure to please in use.

Blinds.

MAPLE and CO. OUTSIDE BLINDS.
Every description of OUTSIDE BLINDS, including
Italian, Florentine, Spanish, Oriental, German, and Parisian
Shutters, Rollers, and Patent Projection, as well as Door and
Balcony Awnings, manufactured on the Premises from
specially selected materials, so that orders can be carried out
without delay.

**Spring Blinds.
Valance Blinds.**

FESTOON and LACE BLINDS.
MAPLE and CO. also manufacture EVERY KIND of
INSIDE BLIND, and are now showing all the new materials
for Roller and Festoon Blinds, as well as a most charming
variety of Lace Blinds, together with cane, pinocle, bead
and reed, and other novelties for interior shades.

MAPLE and CO. VENETIAN BLINDS.
VENETIAN BLINDS of superior quality, made of
thoroughly seasoned wood, well painted and fully lapped, and
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Made in all sizes and colours. Patterns and estimates free.

MAPLE and CO.—Manufacturers and Fitters
of EVERY CLASS of BLINDS for INTERIOR or
EXTERIOR USE. The largest and most convenient Furnish-
ing Establishment in the world.—Tottenham-court-road,
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**Drawing Room Furniture.
Inexpensive Furniture.**

The assortment of Drawing-room Furniture comprises
every variety of comfortable stuffed Easy Chairs, at from 24s.
each; Couches at from 50s.; pretty Occasional Chairs, Tables,
Overmantels, Cabinets and Writing Tables, all at most
moderate prices; as well as complete suites in tapestry, velvet,
Mogadore cloth, and silks, at from 10 guineas upwards.

Drawing Room Furniture.

MAPLE and CO.—DRAWING-ROOM
FURNITURE.—The Drawing-room and Boudoir afford
greater scope than any other parts of the home for the exer-
cise of individual taste and preference, and in furnishing
them it is essential that the harmony of style, texture, and
colouring should be unbroken. These rooms, in fact, are
indices to the refinement and good taste of the lady of the
house. The largest and best assortment of high-class Draw-
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FURNITURE for EXPORTATION, suited
for all parts of the World. Hundreds of Thousands of
pounds' worth of high-class Furniture, ready for immediate
delivery. Illustrated Catalogues free.

VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are
INVITED to inspect the LARGEST FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD. Hundreds of thousands
of pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains,
&c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space,
all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers,
very essential when goods are for exportation to insure safe
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Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The repu-
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road; Park-street, Islington, &c.—Tottenham-court-road,
London; Paris, Smyrna.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 28, 1887), of Mr. Archibald Buchanan of Curriehill, in the county of Edinburgh, who died on June 12 last, granted to Mrs. Julia Pratt Forster or Buchanan, the widow, Sir James Henry Gibson Craig, Bart., Col. John Sprot Tait, and George Dalziel, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 2, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £173,000.

The will (dated April 17, 1878), with two codicils (dated July 10, 1879, and Aug. 3, 1882), of Mr. Alexander Clark, late of 37, Lancaster-gate, who died on June 8 last, was proved on July 30 by Walter Barron and Edgar Romer, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £86,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for each of his four daughters Amy Gertrude, Blanche Madeleine, Beatrice Alexandra, and Marie Esther Russell, to place them on an equal footing with his daughter Alice Maud Marguerite, upon whom he settled a similar amount at her marriage. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1890) of Mr. Charles Crompton, Q.C., formerly M.P. for the Leek Division of Staffordshire, late of 13, Cromwell-place, South Kensington, who died on June 25 last, was proved on Aug. 1 by Henry Crompton, the brother, and Percy Lawford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to each of his twenty own nephews and nieces, the children of his brothers and sisters; £3000 each to Evelyn Holland and Edith Brodrick; £2000 to his clerk, Abraham Borrowman; £1000 to Thomas Ellis, for many years with his late father; £1000 each to his sisters-in-law, Marianne Holland, Margaret Gaskell, and Julia Bradford Gaskell; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers Henry and Albert, his sisters Mary and Caroline Anna, his sister-in-law Agnes, the wife of his brother Edward, and his brother-in-law, Edward Spencer Beesly, in equal shares—the share of his said sister-in-law to be held, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated May 18, 1871), with a codicil (dated July 26, 1888), of Mr. Oswald Milne, J.P., late of Higham House, 51, Clarendon-avenue, Leamington, who died on April 21 last, was proved on July 30 by William Henry Milne, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects (except a few things given to his landlady), and £500 to his said brother. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one eighth to each of his brothers Nathanael, Alfred, Edwin William, John Haworth, and William Henry; one eighth to the widow and children of his brother Edward Chippindall; one eighth to the children of his sister Susan Anne; and one eighth to the children of his sister Anna Maria.

The will and codicil (both dated May 24, 1890) of Mr. Charles Joseph Eccles, late of Shackleford House, Godalming, Surrey, who died on June 9 last, were proved on July 31 by Frederick Slater Carr, John George Scott, and William Wood Dickinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £100, and the furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock at Shackleford

House, and an annuity of £200, in addition to £300 per annum secured to her on her marriage, to his wife; an annuity of £200 to his stepdaughter Sarah Eleonora Roquette, and a further annuity of £200 to his wife, if she survive his stepdaughter; all his Bank of England Stock, upon trust, for the benefit of his son Charles Edward, for life; and one or two other bequests. He leaves Shackleford House to his wife, for life, then to his son John Alfred, for life, and then to his children. Abbeywood, Stenton, Butson's, and Trickeys estates, Devon, to his said son John Alfred, for life, and then to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his son John Alfred.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1883) of Capt. Henry William Chapman, late of 2, Ingles-road, Folkestone, who died on Dec. 24 last, was proved on July 30 by Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Chapman, the widow, and surviving executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £27,000. The testator bequeaths a legacy to his wife and to two or three others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to £1000, for his niece, Mary Chapman, and, as to the ultimate residue, for his nephew, Henry Montague Chapman.

The will (dated March 15, 1889) of Mrs. Louisa Lucas, late of Hasland Hall, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, who died on April 26 last, was proved on July 25 by Bernard Lucas, the husband, Bernard Chaytor Lucas, the son, and James Williamson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testatrix leaves the share to which she is entitled under the will of her late father, John Gully, subject to the appointment made by deed in favour of her husband, to all her children, except her son Philip Burton, and any daughter who may have become a nun. There are various specific bequests and annuities of £50 to each of her daughters who may have become nuns, and to each of her other children during the life of her husband. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her husband for life, or until he shall marry again, and then for all her children, except her said son Philip Burton, and any daughter who may have become a nun; the children of any deceased child to take by substitution the share their parent would have taken if living.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1888), with two codicils (dated Jan. 5, 1888, and Aug. 12, 1889), of Miss Sophia Barwise, formerly of Bedford-row, Islington, afterwards of Spencer-square, Ramsgate, and late of Sandringham House, Hawley-square, Margate, who died on June 21 last, was proved on July 23 by James Robert Burchett, John Adolphus Barwise, the nephew, and Miss Julia Frances Rich, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her stock in the Two and Three-quarter per Cent. Bank Annuities, upon trust, to pay thereout a proportionate part of the probate duty on her estate, the legacy duty on the charitable legacies, and £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Christian Colportage Association, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Irish Church Missions, the Zenana Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, the Edinburgh Medical Mission, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the Protestant Educational Institute, the Protestant Reformation Society, the Sailors' Rest (Devonport), the Turkish Mission, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Association, George-yard Schools (Whitechapel), the Infirmary at Ramsgate, the Sailors' Home (Ramsgate), and the Smack Boys' Home (Ramsgate); and the remainder of the said stock and annuities to such charitable institutions or for such useful and charitable purposes as her niece, Miss Rich, may determine. There are many and considerable legacies to various members of her family and others, and the residue of her property she leaves to her said nephew, John Adolphus Barwise.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The annual exhibition of paintings, water-colour drawings, &c., selected by the prizeholders in connection with the Art-Union of London, are on view at 112, Strand. Several of the landscapes have been well chosen, such as Mr. E. P. Bucknall's broad, fresh sketch from nature, "A Forest Stream," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery; Mr. Hamilton Marr's mountainous scene, "The Head of the Fall, Early Morning," and Mr. A. F. Maitland's rough sea-study, "An October Gale," both from the Nineteenth Century Art Society; Mr. T. W. Allen's piece of homely English scenery, "The Breaking of the Storm," a large water-colour sketch of fisherfolk looking out for a missing boat, by Mr. David Green; and a sketch, "Near Loch Awe," by Mr. Albert Stevens, chosen from the collections at the Grosvenor and Suffolk-street Galleries. Among the figure and "still-life" paintings may be named Miss M. Stevens's quaint composition, which attracted much attention in the water-colour room at the Academy, representing a Japanese doll perched in blank amazement in front of a huge skeleton of a bird; Miss M. Irwin's clever study of a rather carelessly attired young lady in pink—"A Love-letter"; a highly finished little picture by Miss N. Hardy; an excellent "Study of Roses," by Miss C. Bowes; and a painting of an old violinist by E. W. Grier. For the current year the plates presented to subscribers are four etchings from pictures in the National Gallery, undertaken respectively by Mr. E. Barclay, Mr. C. O. Murray, Mr. H. R. Robertson, and Mr. Percy Thomas.

The Southern Artillery Volunteers entered on their camp life at Shoeburyness on Saturday, Aug. 9, for the annual meeting of the National Artillery Association. The force consists of four brigades, formed of detachments from Essex, Kent, Sussex, and Middlesex.

Early on the morning of Aug. 10, the Isle of Wight, particularly the neighbourhood of the Queen's residence at Osborne, was visited by a thunderstorm, followed by torrents of rain. The southern portions of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent also experienced the effects of the storm, and much damage was done to a church at Walmer.

The consecration of the new nave of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, on Aug. 7, was attended by Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews (who officiated), the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Lichfield, Edinburgh, Brechin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Moray and Argyll, and North Carolina. Upwards of one hundred clergymen from England and all parts of Scotland, and a large number of the nobility, attended.

The annual meeting of the Royal Botanic Society was held on Aug. 11 at the gardens in Regent's Park. The report noticed an increase of botanical correctness in works of art. The family of mosses was about to be illustrated for the first time in the gardens, and the council contemplated proceeding to the artificial culture of fungi. Some suggestions were made by members in favour of further beautifying the gardens, and the chairman, Mr. Arthur Rigg, promised that all the suggestions should be considered.

Certificate of Analysis from DR. JOHN MUTER, F.R.S.E.,

Past President of the Society of Public Analysts; Editor of the "Analyst"; Author of "Manuals of Analytical and Pharmaceutical Chemistry and of Materia Medica."

"I have examined SALT REGAL with the following results: That it is an effervescent saline, compounded from absolutely pure ingredients. When it is placed in contact with water, the chemical combination which ensues results in the formation of two of the best known saline aperients, and in addition to these there is also developed a small quantity of an oxidising disinfectant tending to destroy any impurities present in the water used.

"I have not before met with a so well manufactured and ingenious combination; at once perfectly safe and yet so entirely efficient for the purposes for which it is recommended."—JOHN MUTER.

HER MAJESTY'S
ROYAL
LETTERS PATENT.

SALT REGAL

PATENT RIGHTS
PROTECTED
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

An Appetising and Refreshing Tonic. A Thirst-Quencher for all occasions. A morning "Pick-me-up." A high-class Effervescing, Antiseptic Salt, develops Ozone, the Principle of Life. Prevents and Relieves FLATULENCE, Nausea, GIDDINESS, Heartburn, Acidity, Palpitation, Bilious HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Malaria, Irritation of the Skin, Liver Complaint, Lassitude, WEARINESS, &c. Corrects all Impurities arising from errors of diet, eating, or drinking.

The Editor of "HEALTH," the great Authority of HYGIENE, recommends SALT REGAL for general use in Families, and speaks in the highest praise of SALT REGAL.

**FOR PURITY,
FOR SAFETY,
FOR EXCELLENCE,**

For MARKED DISTINCTION from Saline Preparations in which Alkaline elements, so irritating to the Digestive Organs, unduly predominate.

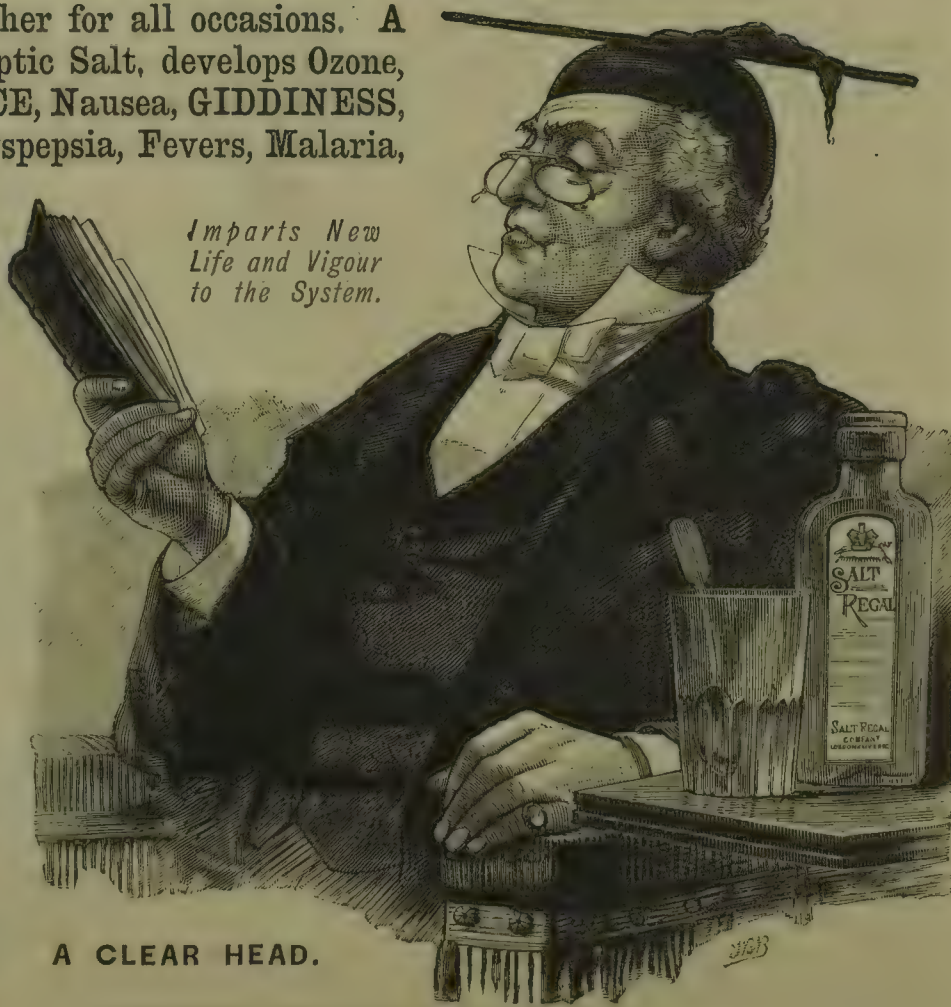
Lieut.-Colonel HUGH BAMBER, Margate, says:—

"I have now used SALT REGAL for two years. I have found it the pleasantest and most agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious headache and furred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

STRENUOUSLY REFUSE!

To have old-fashioned, worn-out Salines palmed off upon you. Insist upon having SALT REGAL, which imparts new life to the system, develops ozone, the principle of life, and turns to a beautiful rose pink colour when mixed with water. The enormous sale of SALT REGAL testifies to its superiority and excellence over all other remedies for Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Headache, and kindred complaints.

SALT REGAL may be obtained of all Chemists, and at the Stores; but if any difficulty, send 2/9 addressed to the Manager, Salt Regal Works, Liverpool, and a bottle will be forwarded in course of post.



A CLEAR HEAD.

HUMBUG IN SOAPS.

WHY do some persons use one Soap and some another? Is it because they have tried several kinds, and found one more satisfactory than the rest? If so, good. But in the majority of cases is it not because the name of the soap they use has been ringing in their ears until nothing would do except to buy some? The evil effects of a soap upon the skin from day to day may be perhaps trivial, but in the course of years they may contribute largely towards the production of a yellow, muddy, blotchy complexion. All this may escape the notice of the ordinary observer. So we discover that in the selection of soaps a little judgment is requisite, as in many other minor matters of every-day life.

PICTURES.

What possible relation, it may be asked, can there be between a picture of rare artistic excellence and the character of a soap the manufacturer of which happens to buy the picture? May not the picture be the best and the soap the very poorest, and *vice versa*? True, he who displays a good picture may issue the best soap he can according to his light. But it by no means follows because the pictures we issue are of superlative merit that our Soap is likewise so. The reputation of "Vinolia" Soap rests on an entirely different basis from this, and one far more substantial.

SIGNS.

Again, we may ask, what possible guarantee of superiority is the simple posting of the name of this or that soap on all the shutters and mile-posts from Dan to Beersheba? The answer of course is—none! Yet innumerable people are using soap to-day simply because they have seen the name of it on a fence. Brains have they, but they think not.

TESTIMONIALS.

Then what do the abundant testimonials from singers, actresses, yea, and scientific analysts prove? They may go for much, and they may go for little, but the public cannot tell their real value. We have seen reports of people upon other soaps while they used only "Vinolia" Soap. The other month we received a communication offering to conduct negotiations (always for a consideration, of course), whereby we were to be put in possession of valuable testimonials "from the very highest people," titled folks indeed, and stars in the realm of—we don't know what. As it was not stated what credentials in the soap line these folks had, the letter has not been answered.

ANALYSTS' REPORTS.

The public may not be quite aware of the way scientific analysts' reports are sometimes procured. Here it is. The manufacturer pays so much a year, providing the analyst finds the soap sufficiently good (of course) to warrant his giving a good report. If you pay for an independent analysis, the analyst will not let you use that, because he insists that his name is a good advertising medium, worth so much £ s. d. If the bulk of so-called chemists' and analysts' reports which are published from time to time be examined, they will be generally found defective. No evidence that the methods of manufacture have been inspected usually appears, nor that they examined the crude materials used in manufacture. Then, again, there is a complete absence of figures. Analyses should deal in figures if they deal in anything. Now, really, Mr. A or Mr. B, how does your soap differ from the poorest or best that has ever been made? An awkward question this, but why should it not be answered?

EDITORS.

Next we come to paper and journal reports. An editor may be a capital hand at writing leading articles, and yet know no more about soaps than a Hottentot about Darwinism. In many journals where more than one soap firm advertises it usually takes the "ink slinger" till one of his advertisers stops before he can tell which is really the best soap for delicate skins. The man who will be most lavish in sugar-plums and gold shekels in such cases will have

a soap that, according to some inferior journals, will iron out sink wrinkles, and take the kinks out of a negro's hair in no time.

GENERAL USAGE.

Nor, again, is general usage a certain criterion of what is the best soap. For centuries the world accepted the geocentric theory of the universe, and missed the mark—were out of it altogether.

MANUFACTURERS' CLAIMS.

Neither are the claims of manufacturers to be taken as necessarily "law and gospel"; for be it remembered they are trying to sell their goods, and are apt to be prejudiced in favour of, and blind to the faults of their own products.

THE SOLID ROCK.

On what rock, then, is the public to stand? That which is most solid is the consensus of medical and pharmaceutical opinion. We publish a long list of reports received from medical men; we have never paid a penny for one of them, and they were all voluntary; yet these reports are not a hundredth part of all that have been sent. Those who have suffered with the old harsh soaps write to pour grateful words into our ears for the comforts of "Vinolia" Soap. On every side will be found leading chemists pushing it to the front. Say what we may, the chemists of Great Britain are an able body of men, who soon winnow the wheat from the chaff. About the only soap the respectable chemists of Great Britain care to have anything to do with is ours. Why? Simply because it abrogates the evils of the old-fashioned soaps, which without are beautiful to look at, but within are full of—well, no matter what they are full of! It contains extra cream which cannot "turn," and which renders the Soap devoid of irritant action.

IVORY SKINS.

Finally, we read of skins at a great age kept as that of a young girl by the use of this or that soap. Can soap, then, push back the hand of time? Are we to see no more a withered face, a hairless head? If so, we say, All hail! But we have not so learned the use of soap. We have been taught that it was good to get dirt off, and the growing years have not shown us that our teachers were wrong. Riper experience has enabled us to reduce to a minimum evils that for untold ages have been the chief drawback to Toilet Soaps. Still, all we can say for "Vinolia" Soap is that it is for such common uses as washing the face and hands, and that it does not take off part of the skin when it takes off the dirt.

When we consider the fortunes that have been made out of things called soaps, we are reminded of the following lines from Lowell, which may have been the unwritten *credo* of not a few:—

In short, I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
In pastures sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green,
To feed ez they hev fed me.—*Bigelow Papers.*

B. ET CIE.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Samples forwarded free on receipt of three penny stamps.

PRICES: V. SOAP—*Floral* 6d., *Medical (Balsamic)* 8d., *Toilet (Otto of Rose)* 10d. per tablet. V. SHAVING SOAP, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. per stick; and flat cakes, in porcelain-lined metal boxes, 2s. VINOLIA (a Plastic Emollient Cream for the Skin in Health and Disease, for Itching, Chaps, Blisters, Roughness, &c.), 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. V. POWDER (a Soothing, Soluble Rose Dusting Powder for the Toilet, Skin Irritation, Tender Feet, &c.), 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s.

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Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m.
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The following Military Bands will perform during the
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2nd Battalion Norfolk Regiment.
Bands Play from 12 noon to 11 p.m.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
The following events will take place during the week—
Display by the 1st Battalion Northampton Regiment,
consisting of Drill, &c.
Grand Afternoon Concert by the Massed Bands of the
Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards, in the Grand Stand
of the Arena.
Encampment on Active Service practically illustrated by
J. Battery Royal Horse Artillery.
Ascents of Spencer's Great War Balloon.
Assault-at-Arms by Staff-Sergeant Instructor Drake and
Members of the Finsbury Polytechnic.
Display by the Duke of York's School.
Grand Gymnastic Display by the Instructors of the Army
Gymnasium, Aldershot.
Lemon-Cutting, Tilted at the Ring, Heads and Posts,
Tent-Pegging, &c., by the Horse Yeomanry Cavalry.
Display by the 1st Division Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.
FOR DETAILS, SEE DAILY PAPERS.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.
Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane-square and
South Kensington Stations.
Steam-boats from all Piers to Victoria Pier, opposite the
Main Entrance.
Admission, 1s.; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d.
These Prices Admit to all Entertainments.
Major G. E. W. MALKER, Hon. Director.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills bugs, moths,
fleas, and all insects (perfectly univalued). Harmless
to everything but insects. Tins, 6d. and 1s. Ask for "Keating's
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PANY assures £1000 at death and full benefits at £4 per
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£250,000. 80,000 Annual Policy-holders. Invested Capital and
Reserve Fund, £285,000. Compensation Paid, £2,550,000. West-
End Office, 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, W.C. Head Office, 54, Cornhill,
London, E.C. W. D. MANN and A. VIAN, Secretaries.

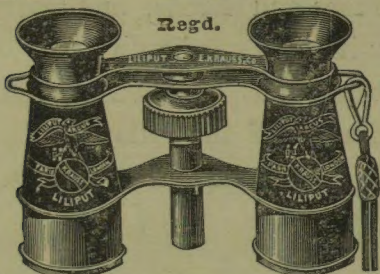
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EPPE'S COCOA.
(BREAKFAST.)

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which
govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a
careful application of the fine properties of well-selected
Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a
deliciously flavoured beverage which may save us many
heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such
articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually
built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to
disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around
us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We
may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves
well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished
frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
"MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—We will now give an
account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps
and Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their
establishment in Holland-street, Blackfriars, London."—
See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.

Made simply with Boiling Water or Milk.

Sold only in Packets by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPE and CO.,
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Price 16s. 6d., with soft Leather Case and Cord.

The "LILIPUT" is a very useful, light, but strong
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nical Artillery Commission Office of Poitiers (France),
and render the "LILIPUT" equal if not superior to all
the large and cumbersome glasses generally used in the
Army, Travelling, Theatres, Races, &c. 50,000 in use all
over Europe. Thousands of best testimonials.

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PARIS—4, AVENUE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

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THE DEAF MAY HEAR.

THE AUROPHONE is a New Scientific
Invention of an Invisible Apparatus to be worn in the
ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will
almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf.
It can be tested ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST at the
AUROPHONE CO.'S ROOMS, 39, BAKER STREET, LONDON.
Pamphlet sent free and post paid.



YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT
AND CRIMEA.—The Orient Company will dis-
patch their steam-ship CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register, 3000-horse
power, from London on AUG. 30 for a Forty-five Days' Cruise
to the Mediterranean and Black Sea, visiting Tangier, Palermo,
Syracuse, Piræus (for Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol,
Balcicava, Yalta (for Livadia), Mudania (for Brusa), Malta,
Gibraltar. The month of September is considered the best
time for the Crimea. The Chimborazo is fitted with electric
light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
Managers—F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.;
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE
UNITED KINGDOM.—The Orient Company will dis-
patch their steam-ship GARONNE from London on SEPT. 6,
and from Leith on SEPT. 8, for a Three Weeks' Cruise, visiting
Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the
 Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for
Killybegs), Queenstown, and Plymouth. The Garonne is fitted
with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the
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latter firm.

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rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
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Comfortable English and American home, near Bonts
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The splendid new first-class steamer ST. SUNNIVA leaves
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SWEET and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur-st., Charing-cross, S.W.;
THOMAS COOK and SONS, Ludgate-circus, E.C.; and all Branch
Offices; and GUTHRIE COMPANY, 25, Water-street, Liverpool, and
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M O N T E C A R L O .
For a summer stay, charming, and interesting of spots on
the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical
vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the
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Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
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Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
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Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,
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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in
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VIRGINIA DEBT.

Messrs. BROWN, SHIPLEY, and CO., acting on behalf of
the Committee of Virginia Bondholders in New York, INVITE
the DEPOSIT with them of all SECURITIES of the STATE
of VIRGINIA held in this country or on the Continent, to be
dealt with in accordance with the Agreement dated May 12, a
copy of which was published on June 21, 1890.

Securities, with July 1890 and all subsequent Coupons
attached, will be received by Messrs. Brown, Shipley, and
Co., until further notice, at their Counting-House, Founders'-
court, Lothbury, London, E.C., in the terms of the said Agree-
ment.

The classification of the Securities to be deposited is as
follows:—
FIRST CLASS.—Old Bonds, to include all Securities issued
under Acts passed previous to Funding Bill of 1871; Peckers,
to include all Securities issued under Act of March 30, 1871, as
amended by the Act of March 7, 1872.

SECOND CLASS.—Consols, to include all Securities issued
under Act of March 30, 1871, with July 1890 and subsequent
Coupons attached.

THIRD CLASS.—Ten Forties, to include all Securities
issued under Act of March 28, 1879, with July 1890, and sub-
sequent Coupons attached.

FOURTH CLASS.—Tax receivable Coupons prior to July
1890.

17, Moorgate-street,
June 21, 1890.

The Council of Foreign Bondholders, acting in conjunction
with the English Committee of Virginian Bondholders,
directs me to state that, having considered the Agreement
above referred to, it recommends Holders to deposit their
Bonds, Coupons, and Certificates with Messrs. Brown, Shipley,
and Co. (Signed) C. O'LEARY, Secretary.

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An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
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GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 3s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all
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Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
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To secure this Article, please ask for
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"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs
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OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar
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The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the
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Hair from the Face and Arms without injury to the skin.
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Pianos exchanged.

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Sunday Times says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to
cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one
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KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of
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G. E. LEWIS, GUNMAKER, BIRMINGHAM.
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WATER

INFALLIBLE for All Affections of the Liver, for
BILIOUSNESS, for Biliousness and Disorders of the
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The *Lancet* says: "A natural water of great interest and
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Of all Chemists, and FRANZ JOSEF CO., 101, Leadenhall Street.

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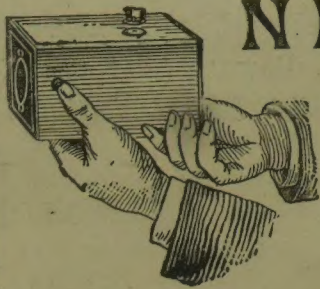
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Children's .. 1/3 Hemstitched; Ladies' .. 2/4 Ladies' .. 2/11 Per Doz. Gents' .. 3/6 Gents' .. 4/11

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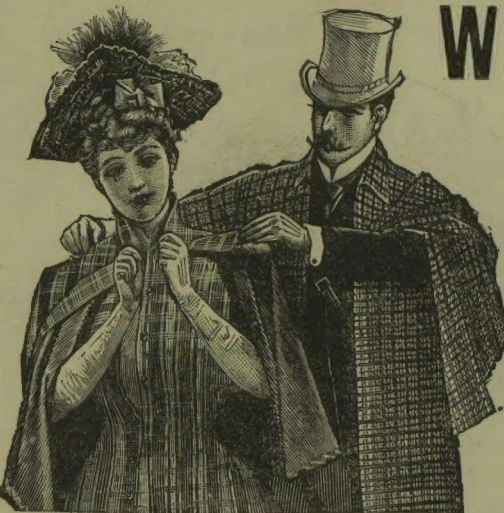
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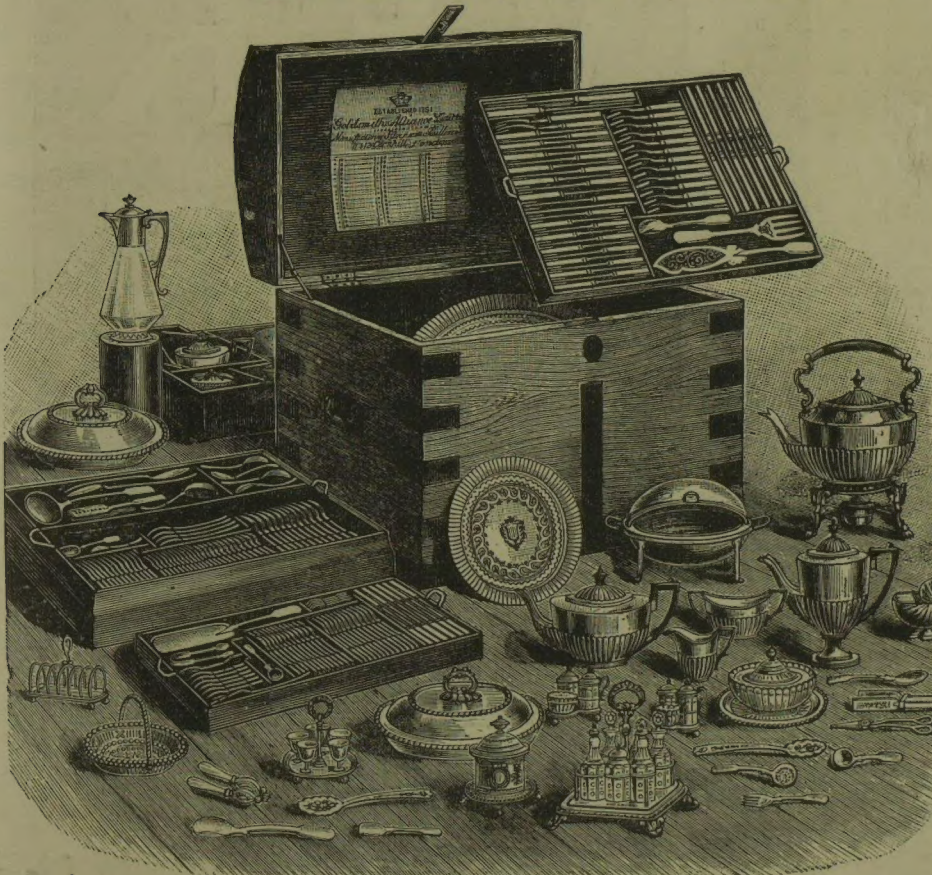


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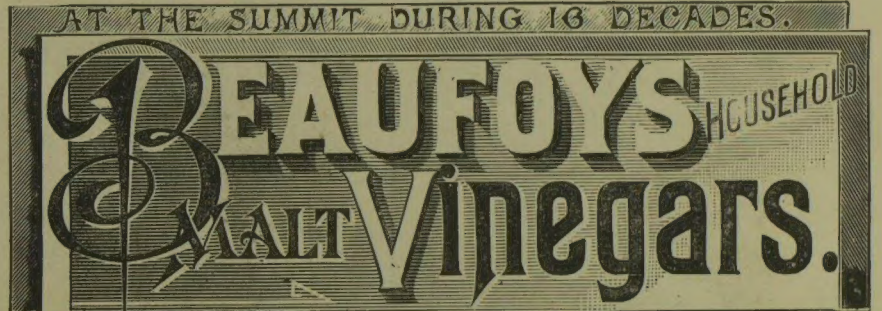
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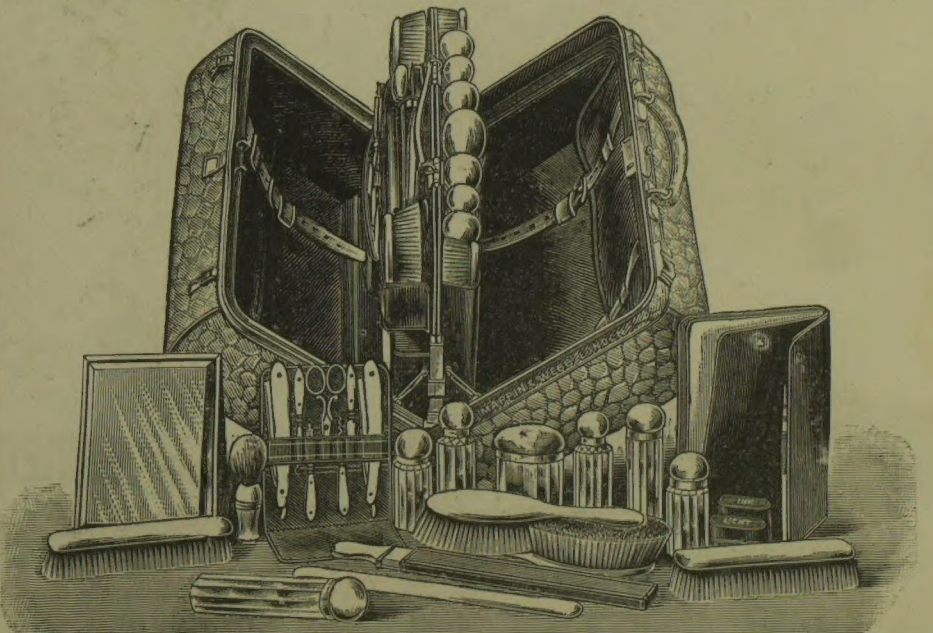
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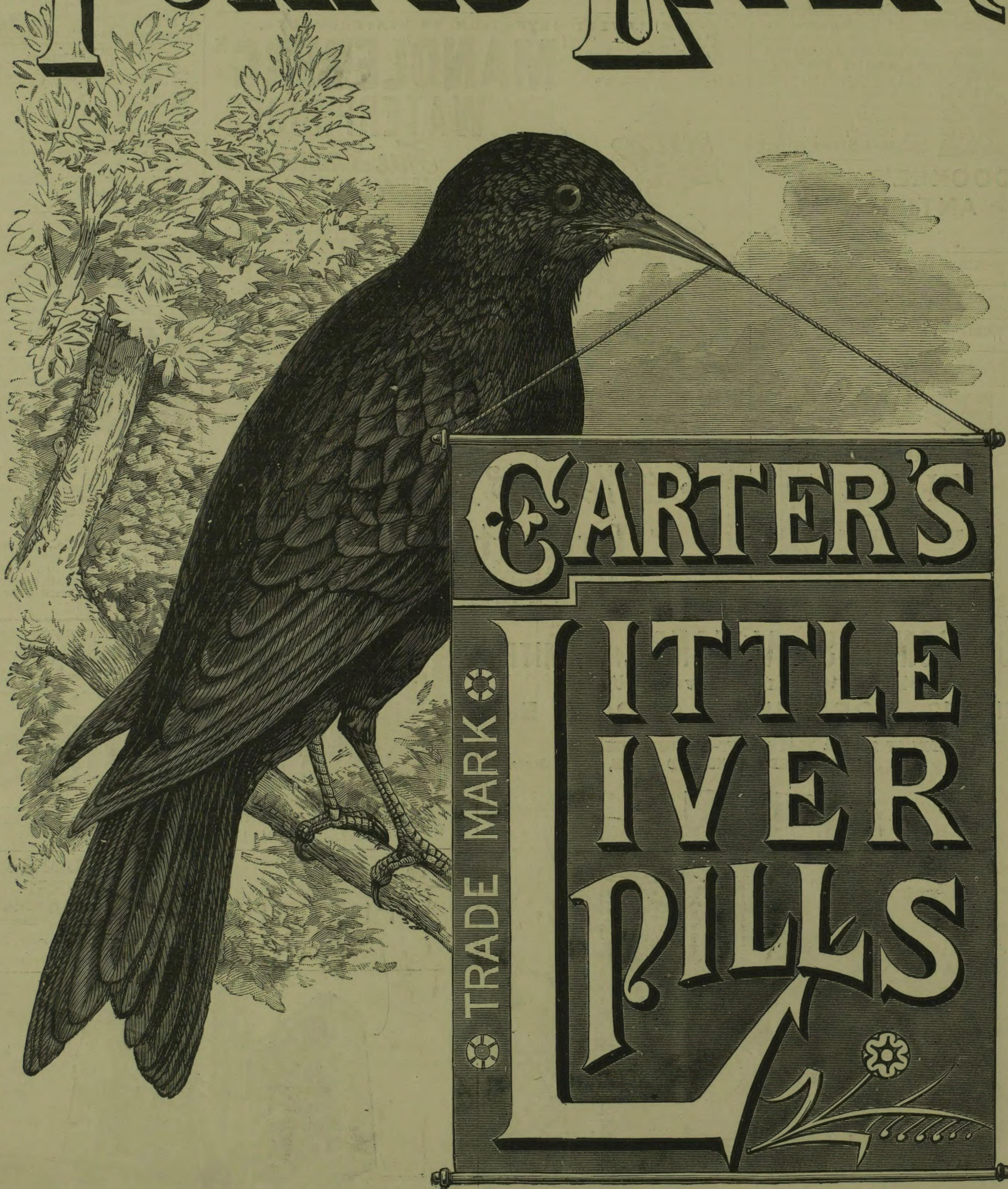
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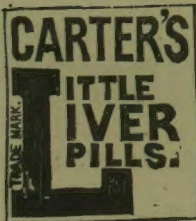


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